



534 NOVEL (SATIRICAL) London, or a Month at
Stevens's, 3 vols, 12mo, *half calf*, 1819
These Novels are very curious and scarce, for under
assumed names the Stories are quite true.



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LONDON :

OR,

A MONTH AT STEVENS'S,

BY A LATE RESIDENT.

A SATIRICAL NOVEL.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

Chaque age a ses plaisirs son esprit et ses mœurs.

BOILEAU.

Veluti in speculum.

VOL. I.

Second Edition.

LONDON :

PRINTED FOR SHERWOOD, NEELY, AND JONES,

PATERNOSTER-ROW.

1819.

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L 844 PREFACE.

v. 1



Without imposing more dry or serious *reflections* on our reader than are suited to light reading and to light taste, we have chosen for our motto

Veluti in speculum,

because we have ever wished to hold up a glass to folly and depravity, as the very best possible way of making them perceive their deformity; and we can assure our readers that if this be the mirror of *fashion*, it is not less so the mirror of *truth*. Fictitious names and fictitious circumstances have been used to diversify and form a light to the *shade* which we never can make *light* of; and at the same time our reader will find *real* personages, *real* situations, *real* embarrassments; and if they see *themselves*, we hope that

McLaughlin 9 Feb. 53

the lesson will have the intended effect.

At a period when *gentleman-like* dishonesty, in the shape of greeking, *lady-like* infidelity in the form of crim. con. trials, laxity of principle, abandonment of morality, and public bad example, under the garb of fashion, corrupt our youth, and disgrace *high-life*, there cannot be a more imperious duty than to point out the evil, and to apply the powerful remedies which freedom of thought, and equally useful freedom of the press, offer. Palliatives have never cured wide-spread corruption. They may remove inflammation, change appearances, conceal the deep-rooted evil, and give a *healthy* appearance to the exterior under which gangrene and the foulest humours lurk. The amputative knife, and the caustic's biting property, can alone eradicate the disease. Satire and exposure furnish these remedies:

The cap of folly, with its bells, is frolicsome and ridiculous ; it might suit any head ; and he whom

“ The cap fits may wear it.”

But the case becomes quite different when we feel it imposed upon our own, and looking in the glass, little imagine that it can appear so frightful as on my lord or Lady Betty, or Mr. or Mrs. Such-a-one.

Should the severer, soberer moralist, who does us the honour to cast his grave examining eye over these pages, conceive that too much levity has been blended with criticism, or too little delicacy mingled with *fact*, we can assure him that distinctions and discriminations in reproofs, modes and modifications in advice, are the unavailing simples which the hand of good-nature and ignorance offer to the diseased body: they are like the bigotted and narrowed

notions of our great grandmothers' nurses, and are just as likely to avail the present and rising generation. Dissimulation and overreaching have *too long* been deemed a *knowledge* of the world ; extravagance and debauchery have too long been classed under the head of thoughtlessness ; and juvenile indiscretion, lawless and uncontrolled love, have been too long ranked as *amiable foibles* and *unfortunate weaknesses*. It is high time that a *new nomenclature* upon these heads should be introduced into high life, and from it descend to the inferior orders of society. For our part, we offer no further apology for truisms than the Frenchman's motto,

“ Je ne sais rien appeler que par son nom.”

LONDON:

OR,

A MONTH AT STEVENS'S.

CHAPTER I.

“ It will do well *eneugh*,” said Mr. M‘Tavish, rubbing an old hat (which had lost all the beaver, and had acquired a purplish brown tinge) with the sleeve of his coat.

“ It is *poseitively* too bad,” said Mrs. M‘Tavish, making the word positively as long as an attorney’s bill—“ it is *poseitively* too bad to wear that hat, and your grandfather’s velvet *breeks*,

when you are going on your travels with your family. We shall all be affronted by the time we get to Aberdeen; for it's *no* every body there that kens the laird of Glenturret Castle: it's *no there as here*, whar ye can walk aboot in your bonnet and kilt, or without a kilt at a' if you choose, because a' the people ken the laird, an respec him. A' things go by appearances in the *sooth*."

Not further to trouble our reader with Mrs. M'Tavish's dialect, nor with her arguments to induce Mr. M'Tavish to brush up his appearance, be it briefly known, that economy prevailed over every other consideration, and that the M'Tavish family set forth as follows.

Mr. M'Tavish wore a cidevant raven grey, now turned to a mouse coloured, coat, particularly long waisted, and broad in the back, two buttons on it, each nearly the circumference of a tea-cup; a tartan stuff waistcoat; a pair of black velvet indescribables of half a century old, yet pretty well preserved; a pair of long military boots, which belonged to Captain M'Tavish, who was out in the forty-fifth with the prince; the hat which had become the subject of contention; a black wig; a coloured silk handkerchief round his neck; and an oak sapling in his hand, cut from a small wood of stunted oaks on the laird's own estate.

Mrs. M'Tavish, a great strapping

bony woman, was dressed in a riding-habit of the tartan of her clan, with a small black velvet bonnet, more like a jockey or a hunting cap.

Susan M'Tavish, whose locks were more red than auburn, but who, barring this national colour, was strictly beautiful, was in like manner clad in the tartan of her clan, with a highland bonnet and feathers ; but she was promised a straw hat on her arrival at Aberdeen.

The party set forward on horseback, mounted upon their native cavalry, stout, stumpy ponies ; with two huge highlanders, in full costume, carrying the laird's baggage, partly on their heads, and partly in their hands.

A lurcher shaggy greyhound, and two Scotch terriers, completed the group.

Pet pigs, and favourite animals of all the species in the farm-yard, et cetera, were recommended by Susan to the particular care of Mary M'Alpin, who blessed her young mistress, and said that she was afraid that some misfortune would happen to her before she returned, for she *misdoubted* all the *Sassenachs*. She said she would not go further south than Perth for all the world; and that the Aberdeen people even were of the race of Cain, and traitorous; and that there was no honesty, no generosity, no truth, nor hospitality, out of the Highlands. She added, that she had seen a winding-

sheet in the candle, and had read her young mistress's fortune in a tea-cup; that there was much trouble in store for her; that her heart misgave her; and, finally, that she wished Miss Susan would not go to wicked London.

Susan, now in blooming and blushing sixteen, was a perfect patriot: she loved her native land; she trod the purple hether like the bounding roe; and gloried in the garb and in the language of the Gael: yet her pulse beat high with the desire of seeing what, to her, was like another world. She wished to return to the wide plain, to the antique wood, and to the misty mountain, with a knowledge and polish which might set her above her peers. At present

she could boast of a fine figure, a well-turned form, elastic motions, activity not unaccompanied with natural grace in the dance, a pleasing voice, much sprightliness, and a sweet civility of manners, which sprang from the heart, and which came very near to the refinement of politeness. She had read a great deal, for Yven M'Tavish, who was tutor to her brothers, and who used to shave the laird, and to play the fiddle to the clan, had taught her arithmetic, geography, a smattering of astronomy, and had put into her hands the history of every European nation, besides books treating of more distant climes, such as voyages, et cetera, et cetera. Susan had also read a few novels, in which she was most deeply interested. She had also

seen a line regiment once at Inverness ; and she thought that a military lover, highly born, and romantically in love, would be a delightful thing. Was it not possible that she should meet with one in her travels ? This idea warmed her imagination on her rout, and induced her to put the highland pony into a hand gallop.

“ Fair and softly,” said the laird of Glenturret Castle : “ no wild tricks, Susan, if you please : give us less of your pavées, Miss.” She obeyed, and the caravan moved on as slowly as before.

On their road, they had many ferries to cross, sometimes in a boat, and some-

times by swimming the ponies ; and the faithful Highlanders wading breast high, with the lady of Glenturret and fair Susan on their backs. In this office the mountaineers took pride. At length it became necessary to discharge their faithful attendants, and to hire a chaise. Here many regrets and prayers were exchanged ; and the laird condescended to give his hand to each of his clansmen ; and they, previously kissing their own hands, presented the hard palm, and shook their chief most heartily. The pipers now struck up, and played the laird out of sight ; and then returned home slowly and regretfully, telling many a legendary tale, and many a frightful story about ghosts and goblins, and sorrowing for the departure of their

chief, who, said they, had no business to spend his ain good money, drawn from the produce of his ain native hills, in a *foreign* land, and particularly in London, where there was all sort of wickedness, and where a *discreet* man, and a modest woman, never ought to show their faces.

Susan purchased her straw bonnet at Aberdeen, but sojourned not long there. There is an inextinguishable hatred between the Aberdanians and the Highlanders : the former affect to despise the latter, whilst the latter consider the former as an artful and designing people; which opinion is prevalent also throughout the Lowlands of Scotland. At Edinburgh Susan visited all the pub-

lic buildings and places of amusement ; and was as much struck with admiration at what she had seen as a traveller could possibly be at viewing the ruins of Athens, or the magnificent monuments of Rome. She was, besides, much looked at by the officers of the garrison ; and heard herself praised for her beauty at Corri's concert room. She looked more becoming than ever the ensuing morning ; and advanced daily in the art of dressing well, and of imitating the little airs and graces of ladies in high life.

Mrs. M'Tavish bought a new wardrobe at Edinburgh, for she had been sadly quizzed by the bucks in Princes Street, and on the bridges, for the length

of her waist, the rotundity of her appearance, the number of petticoats, which gave her the appearance of a Dutch toy, and the velvet bonnet, which looked like a production of the last century. The laird of M'Tavish had also found his share of ridicule: his wig had been smoked, his hat laughed at: his *jacobitical* boots were made the subject of great animadversion: strictures were sported on the velvet breeches, with rusty places on the knees and elsewhere: and, but for the oak sapling, he would have been mobbed in the streets. But the highland plant had here, as it has everywhere else, its due weight, and made the *profanum vulgus* stand *procul*.

Economy being the order of the day,

and the bill at Dumbree's hotel having eased the laird of the price of two cows, he embarked his family and dogs on board a Berwick smack, and sailed with a favourable breeze, bowing to all the numerous spectators, who were waving handkerchiefs from the pier of Leith, and who he imagined had come on purpose to witness the departure of a man of his consequence, and a *foreigner* of such distinction. He, however, found the twig of great utility in clearing his way to the boat; for he was sadly squeezed and pressed; and his dog Oscar was kicked; and Mrs. M'Tavish had her gown torn; and Susan was so admired, that he feared some adventurous youth might attempt to bear off the pride of the Highlands.

In a Berwick smack, as in a Margate hoy, all kinds of goods are embarked, from the light milliner, bearing a band-box, and voyaging to London to import the fashions, up to that heavy bale of goods, a *toon cooncil*-man, going up upon a law plea, or on some speculative errand, previous to his making his fortune, or breaking, or bringing up with a wet sail, by obtaining a place under government, through the M—— or other Scottish interest. There are also generally some medical students, just off the anvil of physical manufacture, ready to slay, maim, and disable His Majesty's liege subjects, in chariots, on horseback, or in the pill-box gig, or humbler walk of Apollo's light infantry; and a number of military men, whose

fobs have felt the electric influence of the *lightning* with which an unlucky *sub* is commonly struck on his first visit to *Auld Reekie*, where many a one has arrived with gold in his sack, and has departed with nothing but quicksilver or dross.

There were in the *Eliza*, the smack which bore highland honour, highland hospitality, and highland beauty, all these characters, besides a Scottish minister, and an itinerant fiddler, who had lately enlisted as a recruit with one of the military beaux. The laird's hat flew into the water on his ascending the deck ; and, as mother and daughter were much affronted at his wearing it, they rejoiced at the accident. Every

one had a laugh at this mishap, except the laird, who said that it was an *aweful* ill omen ; and that one of his clan had a similar accident just before his being taken in battle, and being executed as a rebel. This idea made Mr. M'Tavish very dull the first day ; and as the lady of Glenturret castle was dreadfully sick, the beautiful Susan became the object of general attention, and of general admiration.

Susan had divinity, physic, army, trade, and commerce, all bowing at the shrine of her attractions. She quite disdained the minister, and, in a whisper to Captain Ogle, said that he was a Dumfries-shire *gaouke*. The young doctor wished first to practise on the

laird, probably with a view of keeping him sick the whole voyage, whereby he might engross the attention of his fair daughter, or not improbably with the perspective of putting him in train of becoming a patient on his arrival in the metropolis, where this sprig of medicine was destined to grow, like a wall-flower, and to adorn the public haunts, without being admired or cultivated by the ungrateful undiscerning public ; so that to ensure a patient on his arrival would have been a masterly stroke. He prescribed a little brandy and opium to the old gentleman in the way of a *prophylactic* : he talked at large on the irritability produced by sea sickness, and how fatal it might prove ; stated upon memory or imagination the case of a pa-

tient of his, who laboured under dyspepsy to such a degree, that nothing would remain on his stomach, but who, by his care and attention, was now perfectly recovered. The laird could neither swallow nor stomach the juvenile doctor's remedies nor cures; but calling for a little keg of his *ain* whiskey, plied the organ of digestion until he got it into perfect tune, as he called it. The laird's speedy recovery greatly disappointed the doctor, and the more so, as Mrs. M'Tavish took a dose of the whiskey, which proved a specific in her case as well as the laird's. But the most mortifying circumstance of all was, that whilst the doctor was angling for a patient, Susan, who had been fishing for a compliment, was taken in the net of

Captain Ogle, who determined to gain her attention by hook or by crook, and who well knew how the female gudgeon nibbles at the line. This fortunate line officer had hung out the bait of powerful flattery, and had succeeded in becoming a great favourite on the very first day of their voyage. Miss Susan being dressed in a blue pelisse upon this occasion, the bold captain made his recruit strike up the Blue Bells of Scotland, swearing that she was the bonny blue *belle* of Scotland; the sweetest flower that ever grew

“ By fountain, shaw, or green ;”

that she was an honour to the Highlands; that Walter Scott's heroine in the Lady of the Lake was plain to her;

that the blue bell should be his toast, and that its flower should be worn in his bosom as long as he lived. The captain concluded by another desperate oath, to the great astonishment of the ladies.

“Aye,” said Susan, sweetly, and in a sprightly tone; “but you’ll not sing the Blue Bell when you get to London; you’ll find *belles* of all colours and of all descriptions there, and forget——”

Here the captain put his hand upon his heart (*secundum artem* in the science of making love), and swore again the greatest oath (except Lord Thurlow’s) that ever was heard; by which he attested heaven and earth, air and water, the highest and the lowest

things which came into his head (for the noble captain went down swearing to the lower regions), that the blue bell should blossom in his heart, till the whole face of nature faded from his sight; that blue was hope, it was heaven, it was love; it was the colour of the sky, and, what was higher in the captain's imagination, it was the colour of Susan's eye. He concluded by swearing again, that his matin and his midnight orisons should be addressed to the blue bell of Scotland, outshining every *belle* in London.

“And when I return home,” said Susan, “what will you sing then?”

“Why,” replied the captain, with a twenty-fifth oath, “I'll then sing

“ My heart’s in the Highlands, my heart is no
here;
My heart’s in the Highlands a following the
deer.”*

This happy thought quite captivated Susan, and she had no doubt but that the captain was a man of wit, as well as a man of taste and courage, so that no competitor had the smallest chance during the remainder of the voyage.

Susan now set about making the captain acquainted with her father and mother, and began by telling *pa* that the captain had travelled all over the Highlands, and was very fond of the Highlanders, and admired their romantic views (Susan’s views were very ro-

* For deer, gentle reader, *lege*—dear; i. e. the dear creature.

mantic) ; and that he had commanded Highlanders, and that he thought them the bravest men in the world. The laird here looked stately, and put his hand out to the noble captain, and squeezed him as if he had got his hand in a vice. This is a national vice ; for we remember once being honoured by a squeeze of the brave Sir Allan Cameron, and we can assure our Lowland readers, that one who has once felt that pleasure will remember it.

The laird said that he wondered he had not visited Glenturret, nor seen his wood-house on a west coast property, nor heard of the Grey Cairn, where his ancestors slew seven thousand Danes ; nor of the blasted oak of Stravie ; nor of the maid of Glenturret Hill, who

was carried away by an eagle ; nor of the affray which took place betwixt their clan and the clan of Alpine, since which time the M'Tavishes, who put the Clan Alpines to flight, ever wore the birchen branch in their bonnets. The captain here swore most diabolically that he had heard all these great feats ; and added, that he understood the M'Tavishes applied the birch in a very particular manner to the flying rear guard of Clan Alpine ; and that he was actually on his road to pay his homage to the chief of the M'Tavishes, when a sudden order to join his regiment arrived.

The honey of sweet flattery went down much easier and quicker than the

flimmery of physic. The noble captain now applied a gold smelling bottle to Mrs. M'Tavish, whose dress had rather an unsavoury odour. She admired the bottle, which was gallantly presented to her. Mrs. M'Tavish was *soit dit en passant*, a good bottle companion on every occasion. Next the bold captain sat with Oscar on his knees, and offered twenty guineas for the lurcher greyhound, having heard from Susan that her father would not part with it for all the world. He had become a general favourite in the family; and all was going on most prosperously, when a sudden stiff breeze springing up, they found themselves in the river early on the third day, and were now on the point of landing.

On their parting company, the physician said that he wished the old fool might break his leg, doubtless with a job in view ; the minister of the gospel observed that all was vanity and vexation of spirit, and that he easily saw how young Highland fish would bite at a red rag ; the disregarded tradesmen and mechanics observed, what a rude uncultivated minx that norland wench was ; whilst the captain gave them all a contemptuous nod at parting, and bore off his prize in triumph.

CHAPTER II.

CAPTAIN OGLE recommended the laird and his *ultra-montaine* family to Fladong's hotel; stating, at the same time, that he was on a visit to a friend in the west end of the town, and that when they were recovered from their fatigues, he would call and pay his devoirs to them.

"Very proper," replied the chief of Glenturret; then turning to his wife, observed—"A very well bred young man, and one who knows what is due to age and illustrious ancestry."

The captain took his leave, tenderly.

pressing Susan's hand, unperceived by the old folks. Love would have led him to Fladong's hotel, or to the very devil; but economy, which is the soul of the army, conducted him to a two-pair of stairs back room, in one of the streets in the Adelphi, where he was at leisure to ponder on his passion, and to make occasional excursions with the view of living upon the enemy, or counting the trees in St. James's Park until six o'clock, and then making a frugal repast, without wine, at some chop-house. Yet when the captain sallied out, he was attired in the most elegant manner, and, very properly, did credit by his appearance to his profession: whilst fashionable dress is always a passport to good company, and a pow-

erful bait to the weaker sex, which often sets the heart upon an embroidered pair of pantaloons and a morocco boot, with an elegantly wrought fixed spur of Vincent's manufacturing.

Arrived at Fladong's, the grotesque appearance of the laird obtained him a denial. "There are no vacant rooms," said the head waiter, with a contemptuous sneer; "but I am sure Long's, or the Petersburg, or any of the hotels in Bond Street, will be proud to lodge a person of your appearance."

"So they ought," said the laird, "for if I was at home I should have twenties upon twenties of men at my command, all ready to take my baggage, and to do me homage."

This he uttered in an angry tone, and with a grunt. Whilst the coach drove off, the waiters burst out, and gave tongue together, like a parcel of hounds. One imitated the grunt, and said that the gentleman was fit for Bartholomew fair, being the largest hog in the world : another asked what baggage he meant, impertinently adding that there was one baggage many a one would be glad to take off his hands : and a third said that he supposed the twenties upon twenties of people at home must either be the beggars of his town or his beggarly relations. This piece of wit sounded amusingly in the servants' hall ; but the waiter paid for it afterwards, as will be seen in due time and place. At Long's hotel, two ruf-

fians and an exquisite, standing at the door, were nearly strangled with laughter; and Long was so horrified at the appearance of the laird and lady, that he would not even go to the door; whilst his waiters sternly informed him that there was no room. The chief of the M'Tavishes was so hurt by the rudeness of the three bloods, that he insisted upon having their addresses. Two of the number (the ruffians) gave him fictitious names and addresses, lolling out their tongues unperceived, in a very coachman like way. The third, who was a military exquisite in the Guards, let him know his name and abode, adding, that upon his soul, he would fight him or any other man to indulge him; but that, unless the wor-

thy gentleman would change his tailor and peruke-maker, he might even go further and fare worse; and that he warned him, above all things, not to be found in the neighbourhood of Exeter 'Change, as the man habited in a Yeoman's coat would certainly secure him for one of his strayed animals. This the laird did not understand, but he put the card in his pocket, and assured the scented beau that he should hear from him the next day.

As the coach drove off, the fashionable triumvirate perceived Susan in the corner, and exclaimed, "What an angel that old Ostragath has got with him!" One of them immediately despatched an intriguing valet with instructions to dis-

cover their quarters, and, if possible, to cut off their retreat; but at all events not to return until he had their whole history by rote. The black wig, the coat of antideluvian appearance, and a fissure in his honour's breeches, occasioned by climbing hastily out of the vessel, with an unusual length of beard, and rather an uncleanly appearance, ensured Mr. M'Tavish a refusal at every Bond Street hotel; and he was just in the act of making a fruitless attempt at the hotel in Hanover Square, when the intriguing valet came up.

This wicked and winged Mercury had finished his education as an envoy extraordinary under the very first masters. He was the applier of raw meat to the

faded cheek of the withered Duke of Venery, commonly called old Q. in the corner. It was he who used to run after young wretches whose bloom peeped through their ragged weeds, like a wild flower encumbered by dirt, and choaked up by thorns and nettles. For this service he sometimes received a guinea from the duke when successful; but oftener a broken head from the athletic arm of the female mendicant or labourer. He next served the peer Leg, until economy suggested *Tiger minor*, and next *Tiger minimus*, to his lordship's superlative taste. The insipid Lord Flageolet next took him into his establishment; but he made a *faux pas* in his lordship's harem, and was kicked out without a character; but, as

the witty varlet remarked, “ who could keep a character with such a master ?” which *jeu d’esprit*, added to his consummate impudence, recommended him to the poetical Mr. Bathos Impotent, the sentimental lover of common porcupines, the proprietor of the harlot’s stage coach, and the prime favourite of the *mewses*, from one of which Mrs. Handy, his most delectable favourite, sprung. Lastly, the ex-Mercury, being out of place, was taken *ad interim*, and got an additional degree of infamy from young Teasle, a Greek, who was one of the committee of ways and means at the celebrated house before named.

On hearing the old negative given at this hotel, and perceiving the chief-

tain's passion rising very high, this *valet de comedie* stepped up with the profoundest respect and reverence, and, hat in hand, had the honour to give Mr. M'Tavish the assurances of his perfect consideration. He observed that these upstart hotel keepers had grown so saucy, that they would scarcely speak to a gentleman in a carriage and pair; that they always expected a man to arrive with four posters to his travelling chaise, a splashing leather in front, two liveried servants in the boot behind, and at least one *voiture de suite*, containing his servants out of livery, which often was followed by a dog cart, containing——

“The rest of his puppies,” interrupted the laird.

“True, honoured Sir; very good indeed,” responded the accomplished laquais; “and,” continued he, “in general single men are preferred to respectable families, because they are more easily cheated. Now,” concluded he, “I know of a cheap, quiet, respectable house, where I should be happy to recommend your worship,” (this delighted the laird) “and where Miss would meet with a good motherly woman, who would purchase whatever she might want, and would do every thing that lay in her power to serve you all.”

The laird remarked to his family that he never saw a finer young man in his life; that the lad appeared much above his station (which was true enough in

one sense); that he should certainly adopt his suggestion; and that he had half a mind to take him into his service. This last idea greatly pleased Madame and Susan, for a sightly footman is no small appendage to a fashionable dame, as a Caledonian Magdaline can well testify; and as the saucy varlets with long canes, much more suited to their backs than to their hands, exemplify daily at the doors of the theatres, and at the entrée to Kensington Gardens, where a modest woman can scarcely pass without having her ears offended by the loose remarks of these liveried insects, who, like caterpillars and moths, *fruges consumere nati*, eat up the poor industrious labourer's bread, and destroy the clothing which might

cover the shivering limbs of penury, and warm the expiring children of misfortune.

The domestic intrigant was soon informed of the laird's good opinion and better intentions towards him; but he excused himself from entering immediately into so good and respectable a service, saying, that he had given his master warning, but must stop out his month with him: he added, however, that he would dedicate all his spare time to the family, without fee or reward.

The mercurial messenger now conducted the highland family to an obscure looking house in the neighbourhood of Leicester Square. A handsome

female servant opened the door: she was very highly dressed, and exchanged many *telegraphic* communications and private signals with this master of the ceremonies. He, however, accounted both for her dress and for her suspicious behaviour, in a manner quite satisfactory to Mrs. M'Tavish, by assuring her that she never attended any but the nobility, for which reason she was obliged to be dressed in a suitable manner; and that he had given her a number of private hints how to treat so respectable a family, who doubtless must have fashion and economy in view at the same time.

Hereupon the laird gave him *three-pence*, as an encouragement for his honesty. In the first instance Mr. Hermes

was about to throw the money down ; and a crimson hue spread itself over his (commonly) unblushing cheek ; but having great presence of mind, he pocketed the affront ; and when unperceived, he gave the *pewter*, as he called it, to the handsome servant woman, with instructions to purchase some *sanaster* for him ; adding, that he would sup, sleep, and smoke a pipe there that night. Thus do servants ape the habits and vices of the higher class.

A very motherly woman indeed made her appearance, and ingratiated herself into the good graces of the family. She procured an excellent dinner, assured the laird that they should not fall out as to price, that she had got good beds for

the family, advised them to retire to them early, and expressed a wish that Miss might be allowed an apartment to herself. But this was overruled by pa, who said that he never lost sight of her in a strange place, and that she should go to bed first, on a sofa in his room. The *preposterosity* of this was urged in vain by Mrs. *Motherly*, and warmly opposed by Susan; but the laird shook his head at them, and stamped his stick upon the ground. This was a clan signal, which always commanded silence and non-resistance; and therefore the point was surrendered.

The chieftain had now eaten hugely, and drank in proportion. He gave his hostess the whiskey bottle, to taste, who

had nearly lost his good opinion by comparing it to fire and smoke: fire as to its strength and taste; smoke, as to its smell, and its *obnubilating* property. He was now enjoying the pleasures accruing from repletion, whilst Mrs. M'Tavish, who was a little hazy, and Susan, who was giddy with the perspective of pleasure, were reposing in their bed-room, when the gaily dressed, handsome attendant made her appearance in the drawing-room. She rubbed glasses bright, seemed to dust tables highly polished with wax, and dry-rubbed, until they acted as so many mirrors; and she lingered and asked a great many trivial questions, until the reflection of her beauty in the mahogany pembroke table so operated on the chieftain's excitabi-

lities, that he honoured her with many rough embraces and Bruin-like hugs; lost his wig by his friskiness; violently pulled the *vestal* on his knee; and by the sudden jirk, and the pressure of such corpulency upon a crazy chair, the amorous couple came in contact with the floor.

The noise alarmed the whole house; and the fright and the exposure cost the laird a new gown for the fallen fair, and the laird's lady a shower of tears. Susan despised her father for the first time; and Mrs. M'Tavish applied her highland hand to her chiefs nasal promontory, for the *first* and *last* time with *impunity*; but "conscience doth make cowards of us all," and therefore the

humbled laird slunk off to his bed-room, as meekly as one of his clansmen would have fled from his frown, or the terrier or lurcher would have crawled away from a kick of his ponderous shooting shoe.

During the performance of this tragic-comedy near Leicester Square, the intriguing valet had warned his vicious master of his success ; and both he and Lord Lavender were summoned to come down to the sham hotel at a *decent* hour that night. The laird, in order to change the subject on the tapis, had sent for milliners and mantua-makers for his deary, one of whom was turned out of the room for laughing in the laird's face. Things at last began to wear an amicable

aspect, when a sudden and unforeseen circumstance disorganized the whole plot of the drama, broke up the family party, made a second more tremendous exposure than ever, deprived Mrs. Motherly of her now very valuable lodgers, disappointed the Ruffian and Lord Lavender of their game, and had nearly produced a very triste interlude to the intriguing valet, and his *particeps criminis*, young Teasle.

CHAPTER III.

PREVIOUS to the laird of Glenturret embarking at Leith, he had written to Rorie M'Roy, a schoolfellow of his when at Tain, to meet him in London, and to take care that he might not be imposed upon in that wicked place; but the laird had so quick a passage, that he was not expected by his friend so soon; and Glenturret was affronted at not being met, and capped, upon his setting foot on English ground: he was, moreover, too proud to send to an attorney's clerk, who ought to have known his duty better. Rorie, faithful to his *devoir*, and allegiance to a cousin by marriage, and to the head of a numerous clan, had

plied at the wharf about eight hours after his arrival, and had traced his kinsman from hotel to hotel, by describing his *striking* person, and the oak staff, the emblem thereof; and the waiters having taken the number of the coach, for other purposes, he succeeded in unkenneling the innocent family from a sink of vice, and from a scene of ruin.

Rorie M'Roy, after removing his friends to Stevens's hotel, where he obtained admission for them by stating that his cousin was a man of great property and influence in the Highlands, and that he had an only daughter, who was an heiress, instituted prosecutions against the winged Mercury, who soon left town; against Mrs. Motherly, who

paid forfeit to the laws of her country,
for

Gold from law can take out the sting ;”

and Mr. Teasle was afterwards doomed to experience the *heavy* resentment of the highland chief, who forgot no one in that way, from the paltry waiter at Fladong’s up to the highest sneerer at virtue in the land.

The laird’s first motion towards his kinsman was indignation ; but a suitable apology disarmed his resentment. Rorie M’Roy having thus, after much trouble, got a lodging for his chief, and purchased a ready-made suit of mourning for him, Susan sat up half the night new modelling a dress to the present fashion ; and Mrs. M’Tavish, strong

in highland importance, said that she should wear a tartan silk gown, the tartan of her clan, which, though five years old, looked as good as new. All these arrangements were made for their first appearance on the following day (Sunday) in Kensington Gardens. A job coach was hired on the occasion; and Mr. M'Roy was to breakfast with and accompany them thither. He assured his kinsfolks that they would see all the world; and added, that as he had been five years in Mr. Specious's (an eminent attorney) office, he knew every person of note by *head* mark, both married and single; that many of the nobility were involved in debt, and had, directly or indirectly, something to do in their office.

The happy Sunday arrived. The chief, in a fine new suit of mourning, and a new hat, had a very imposing aspect. Nothing now remained antique about him but his wig; and that he could not as yet be prevailed upon to change. He was much mortified at being obliged to leave his dogs and the oak sapling at home; but the fear of having them shot decided him to conform to the rules of the place (a thing which he was not very fond of), whilst he substituted a long China headed cane of his grandfather's for the rough emblem of authority, the twig of oak. Mrs. M'Tavish came down all rustling in silk, and assumed an air of dignity which soon *let the people know who she was*: she, moreover, bore a trifling de-

gree of the flush of whiskey, which gave her a very vivid complexion. Susan, habited all in white, completely altered to the present mode, looked all youth, bloom, and sweetness, although she had scarcely slept a wink, with the thoughts of her entrè into the world, the anxiety of adjusting her dress, and the hope of meeting the agreeable captain, of whom she had lost sight by being rejected at Fladong's. The attorney's clerk, who made up the *partie quarre*, had a very fashionable *tunique* on, and had purchased a pair of boots, and fixed spurs, in the hopes of being *mistaken* for a military gentleman.

The regulation great coat of infantry, we may here observe, the still more

distinguished pelisse of cavalry, the fixed spur and cossac pantaloons, have at different times disguised the banker's clerk and the mechanic, and thereby constituted them the heroes of a play-house lobby, the tyrants of Cumberland Gardens, and the usurpers of female favour, designed for the *militaire* alone, since "none but the brave deserve the fair."

The chief wished to start about nine o'clock in the morning for the gardens, in order to enjoy the fresh air, and to have a long day, but *Parchment* knew the town too well to allow him to commit so gross an error. He informed him that four o'clock in the afternoon was the time for a morning drive, and

that nobody went to Kensington Gardens to *take the air* : it was to *give* themselves *airs* that these *post meridian* promenades were taken.

“ Hoot, such nonsense !” said M‘Tavish the great : but he must needs be in fashion ; and as for Susan, all her ideas were already altered, and she only panted to be enrolled in the legion of the modish.

Four o’clock struck : the coach drove up to their hotel ; and, after calling at the British, to inquire, in vain, after a highland cousin, it proceeded up Pall Mall. When passing Carleton House, the chief inquired if it was the Royal Exchange, the Excise, or some other

public office. He was told that it was the Regent's palace.

“ Palace !” exclaimed Glenturret :
“ it would make a gude barrack ; but
it's no half like a palace. What,” again
continued he, “ are a' they pillars for ?
Why they are supporting nothing.”

“ Pardon me,” said M'Roy, “ they
support the *head* of the nation.”

“ Then he has but a weak *understand-*
ing,” cried M'Tavish, “ for they trumpe-
ry pillars are naething. A great and a no-
ble prince like him should have a castle
like a whole town ; moats, and bastions,
and cannon, and turrets, and gilded
roofs, and huge porticoes, and three or

four acres of ground in front, to give an air to the palace. Why, man, here you might knock at the Prince's door, and go *flush* in, as if it were a tavern or a spirit shop. You're just humbugging us, cousin Rorie : that's no the Prince's house. I'll be bound, after a', its no a trifle that supports the Prince."

Rorie assured him that it was the Prince's palace—Carleton House, and nothing else.

They next passed St. James's Palace.

"That I should easily ken," said the laird. "That must be the county jail; and no bad accommodation neither for *puir* debtors."

“ You are all wrong,” replied M^r Roy, quite vexed at the laird’s ignorance. “ That’s St. James’s Palace, our beloved king’s palace, when he held his court.”

“ Court !” exclaimed the laird :—
“ court !—a pretty court ! I see nae-thing but a court yard ; and there’s a better one at the inn at Inverness than that same. Out upon sic palaces ! I’m sure the good king, honest man ! deserves a better house than that. It’s mair like a poor-house, or a house of correction, than any thing else. If it were like Gordon Castle, weel and guid : but sic an thing for a palace !” Then turning to Rorie, and whispering him confidentially, he said, “ Show me, lad, as we return, whar the Prince’s ——— is in yon Carleton House.”

“Fie! for shame!” answered the follower of the law. “What idiot could have misinformed you so grossly? Just let me know who he is: I’ll soon get him tried for a libel---a traitor! a democrat! a lee-er!”

Here the lawyer got very warm; for whilst he was indulging in his loyalty, he had an eye to business.

“It was puir Rob Muckleweem, that was killed in a gallant action on board ship, where he was second lieutenant,” said the laird: “but, bless you, he loved the king as well as any man. What soldier or sailor don’t?” continued he: “but he had a nasty trick o’ humbugging country folk; and gin he were alive, I’d cudgel him for so misleading

a body. "Noo, I might have affronted myself, an I had nae been speaking to a kinsman," concluded he.

"Ah! ah!" added Mrs. M'Tavish, who had held her tongue for ten whole minutes: "how our *kuzins* do cram us when they come from Lonnon!"

"And wha's palace is that?" asked the laird, pointing to Escudier's, as they passed up Piccadilly.

"That," said M'Roy, "is a tavern, a public hotel."

"D---n the folk's hooses!" exclaimed M'Tavish: "I'll no guess any mair. There's nae kenning a duke from a

waiter, nor a palace from a ——” Here the laird said something very indecorous, which we suppress; after which, he remained in sullen, silent majesty, until he reached Hyde Park Corner Gate. Here the crowd of carriages was immense. Coachmen endeavoured to cut each other out, and strange vociferations passed between them.

“Aye,” cried Mrs. M‘Tavish, putting both her hands to her ears, “what a *langage* for the sabbath day!”

A coach pole now struck the back of the carriage, and a dashing buck drove up against it on the other side, and almost upset it. Here the laird put three-quarters of his body out of the window,

with the intention of using the China headed cane; but the curricie flew by like lightning; and another carriage passing after, with equal velocity, the coachman's whip got foul of the laird's hat, and both it and the black wig were precipitated to the earth---caught up again by the wheel of a barouche---dropped a second time--run over by the lord-mayor---dissected and pulverized---and, finally, lost in the crowd.

Whilst the laird was anathematizing the coachman, the footman, the buck in *curriculo*, and the mirthful spectators, who were laughing at his expense, the eyes of Mrs. M'Tavish and of Susan were fixed upon the civic honours of the lord-mayor's coach, in

which a number of city *belles* were also tittering at the mishap which attended the strange gentleman. Had his lordship been present, he might have been a little more concerned for the *wig interest* ; but it was excellent fun for the *merveilleuses* of the east end of the town, who generally do their best to outdress their becoming prototypes at the west end. “ That must be the Queen and the Princesses,” exclaimed the lady of Glenturret.

“ It is the queen of the city,” said M’Roy ; “ it’s Mrs. Wood, the Lady Mayoress.

“ A queen of wood ! caustically observed the laird : “ there are *mair* wooden kings and queens than that ; and it would

be no bad job for the *puir* Spaniards if they had a king of wood too ; but," continued he, " I'd rather see Ferdinand the Beloved without his crown, than find myself thus disgraced and deprived of my new hat and of my *auld* wig."

Just at this instant a madcap of a guardsman cantered by, and, hoaxing the old gentleman, cried *en passant*, " You have had a hair's-breadth escape, governor. I should have thought that your wig was old enough to have taken care of itself, but I find it's otherwise ;" then, making a swell, passed the laird in a roar of laughter.

The laird was here again disposed to show fight ; but perceiving the youth

galloping off, he disdainfully turned round to his kinsman, and said, very significantly, “*Hoo* they boys and brutes, and lordlings, and trash, *a’* flie before a man? Why, Rorie, I could scare a *dizen* of them *oot* o’their life in a day.”

Mrs. M‘Tavish now tied a pocket handkerchief round the laird’s head, and they proceeded by Rotten Row to the gardens. Every eye was first on the grotesque figure of M‘Tavish, and next on the beauties of his daughter. An elegant carriage, with bright orange coloured liveries, covered with lace, passed by next.

“ I’ll bet a penny,” said M‘Ta-

vish, "that that'll be the Princess of Wales."

"Why, man, you're mad," said Mrs. M'Tavish; "she's in Naples, or Switzerland, or some other outlandish place."

"Well," replied the laird, "yon's the woman for my money; she's a *sonsey*, fine, noble looking person. She might do vary weel for a queen or a princess o' any place. I'm no for your young dolls, wi' a false front before, upon which there's nae depending."

"It's a marchioness," said the lawyer.

"Go, man," replied the laird: "an I were king, I'd make her a dutchess at least."

“ Pull the cap over your face, and you’d look as well again,” cried a counter buck, half spurring, and half sparing his hackneyed Bucephalous, as he passed the carriage.

“ Oh ! what an angel,” exclaimed he, on perceiving Susan, and addressing himself to his companion, the gaudy waiter of a common hell, who sports the gentleman once a week.

“ The cap fits you best,” roared out the enraged chief; “ and if a hundred of you were hanged up by the neck, it would be no loss to society.” The couple rode off, whilst M‘Roy assured his kinsman that he never said a better nor a truer thing in his life. He then explained who they both were; re-

marked that the linen-draper, the master of the former, would miss many a yard of cotton in order to pay his buck shopman's half play, as it is called, i. e. half price at the play, his *petit souper*, with a cyprian, and his Sunday's ride in the park; whilst t'other will have to sit up all night, and to see the plunder of the Greeks, in order to furnish the ways which support his extravagance.

But we are arrived at the gardens: let us call a council, and see what's to be done. After mature deliberation, it was agreed upon that the attorney's clerk should escort the ladies to the gardens, whilst M'Tavish should sit in the carriage, in consequence of the loss of his hat and wig. The ladies had not left the carriage five minutes, when the ex-

quisite who had received the laird's challenge the day before pulled up along side of him in his Tilbury. The rendezvous was for the ensuing day; for the laird would not fight on the sabbath day. The young man accosted him, and told him that he had by no means forgotten his engagement, and was *toujours pret* to turn out with his man at five minutes warning; but that, in the interim, he was extremely sorry for what he had witnessed respecting the laird's accident, and sooner than that he should have to sit thus exposed to laughter, and be deprived of his walk, he would send off a groom at full speed to procure a hat and a peruke, with which he would be back in two minutes; "for," concluded he, "I have my riding horses waiting here, and I promise you

that none of my cattle will let the grass grow under their feet."

The old gentleman's heart overflowed with gratitude for this kindness. He shook him heartily by the hand; swore that he would rather stand ten shots than hurt so noble a fellow; came to a complete reconciliation respecting the transaction of the day before; and begged that the young gentleman would come in and sit beside him till the arrival of the hat and wig, and that he would dine with him that day. The exquisite excused himself from the former for fear of drawing on him the ridicule of every dandy in town; and equally waved the latter, in order to enhance the value of his company. Besides, he

was engaged to dine with a Mr. *O'Dauble*, lately emerged from the Bench, where a *throw over* was to be practised ; but he promised to call on his new friend the next day ; and drove off, leaving instructions to his groom to go for the hat and wig, and to obey Mr. M'Tavish's orders in any shape which might be of use to him.

During this scene, Mrs. M'Tavish, Susan, and young Parchment, had gained the gardens. They passed through the fiery ordeal of pampered liverymen, making their ignorant and impertinent remarks. One powdered monkey observed, that Mrs. M'Tavish had certainly come from the wax-work in Fleet Street ; another lying rascal as-

sured his fellows he knew *that ere* tit, (meaning Susan) who was just fresh upon the *paveè*, and who had been imported by the Marquis of Headstrong, his former master, who was so famous for crim. con. and all *that ere*; remarking, at the same time, how foolish noblemen were to pay such sums, and *that ere*, whilst a good looking young man (meaning self) could get just as good for nothing.

Susan was fortunate enough to meet the bold captain after the first turn in the gardens, and triumphantly passed from the attorney's clerk's arm to that of the well dressed militaire; and the captain thought himself the most lucky of men to beau about the finest girl in the gardens.

Mrs. M'Tavish was all curiosity to know something about every body, and her kinsman took a list with his pencil, in order to relate their private histories at breakfast the next day, and to make up in some measure for the laird's disappointment by the detail thereof; and, after taking a turn or two round the gardens, joined the laird, and returned home to dinner, accompanied by Captain Ogle.

CHAPTER IV.

THE dinner went off most agreeably, although Parchment was mortified to be cut out by the soldier. The captain kindly promised to dine with his friends daily during their short stay in town. Rorie came faithfully to his appointment to breakfast the ensuing morn, and gave the following portraits in order.

The business of his office, as we have before observed, made Rorie M'Roy acquainted with a number of the noblemen and men of fashion in London, whose difficulties came to light by the

connexion which law and lawyers ever have with matters of this nature. While passing in review the company of Kensington Gardens, he began according to promise, with

LORD LADY'S-MAN.

“This portly nobleman,” said he, “is the son of the Earl of ——. You would think by his appearance that he was one of the richest men in Europe; but *fronte nullà fides*, as we say in Latin; for if it were not for his connexion with Mrs. G——, he would not have enough to support himself and his numerous family, consisting of six children. I have had writs upon writs out against him; and have known him

obliged to take a bailiff with him to Epsom races, he and his bum in one carriage, as we say in the office. His comely features and dark complexion soon, however, bothered the heart of dame G. and, as we say in the song,

‘ His lordship she saw,
Had a *je ne sais quoi*,’

which made him a most agreeable companion for an elderly lady, whose beauties exist only in the bottom of her purse.

“ Previous to this connexion, his lordship had seduced a Mrs. — from her husband (an old man), and had the six children above mentioned by her. Mrs. — is now no more; and it was

immediately on Lord L.'s throwing off his mourning for her that he got into favour with the old lady in question. Her neat habitation was found particularly convenient, being *contagious* (as we say in the play) to his lordship's cottage.

His aged *dulcinea* has also a snug town residence, and divers good settlements, besides seventeen hundred per annum from the old sugar baker; for *goody* has been very gay in her time, and somehow or other managed to gratify a sweet tooth (witness the sugar trade) as much as if she had been a *Venus de Medicis*.

“My lord is wonderfully domesticated with her, and listens, we are told,

to her former love adventures with an admirable complaisance. His lordship has also one legitimate son, the Honorable Mr. —, who, when he comes of age, will be one of the richest men in the kingdom. This period is fast approaching; and it is then to be hoped that he will give his honourable papa a *lift*; for dame — has given him so *many lifts*, that perchance, when age makes havoc with his lordship's personal attractions, the amorous dowager may make a change in her ministry, allowing, doubtless, her former faithful servant the *otium cun dignitate*, as we say, for services so delicate and continued.

“ You see the ways and means of our

great folks in town extend in all shapes and directions. Kissing literally goes by favour in town; and kept gentlemen are now as common as kept ladies were in days of yore. Lord P——, another gay nobleman, is nearly kept by Mrs. H——: and an honourable general, M. M. has as many presents and pensions for his services in the field of Venus as ever the immortal Lord Nelson received freedoms, boxes, gems, jewels, titles, pensions, and emoluments, for his glorious services in the cause of Mars.

“But to return to Lord L. The cause of his son’s riches is an inheritance from his mother, who was co-heiress with the Duke of ——; and,

as we have already observed, it is to be hoped that he will render his father independent of being obliged to subsist, as at present, on the secret service money of an amorous hag."

THE HON. C. FRIARTON

Is the son of a lord. He belongs to a most dashing corps, noted for its gallantry, and of powerful attractions for town belles. You would think, from his very innocent appearance, that he was a perfect immaculate: and he was considered a sort of a methodist at M—— by his companions; but since his quitting school, he, too, frequents those abominable gaming houses which

we call common hells ; shows his bad taste by being much attached to a woman, who by name is a second letter of the alphabet, to wit, B—— ; and has at different times entirely supported her, protected, I ought to have said, for that is the knowing term at the west end of the town. To make the matter worse, the lady is a great deal older than himself, not overburthened with beauty, and as vulgar as a cook-maid. There is a great deal of *suaviter in modo* about the honourable militaire, and something, as you might perceive, bashful and babyish in his countenance ; yet he countenances all sorts of fashionable excesses, and is as bad as the most brazen faced captain in the army, whose blushes have turned to bronze, and whose *vi-*

nous countenance might serve for a lantern by night. Young Friarton accordingly, although perfectly fashionable, and not wanting in self-complacency, that reigning foible, is a little laughed at by our fashionable ruffians, from his extreme youthful appearance, and from the pretty contrast betwixt apparent simplicity and habitual riot and excess.

His partiality to Mrs. B— has drawn on him the envy and ridicule of other cyprian *aspirantes*, as we say in French: but this he heeds not, when wound up to a certain pitch, and *bacchi plenus*. Then, surrounded by his jovial companions, he turns day into night, and *vice versa*, and is remarked by his unvaried

song and toast, the morality of which needs no comment, and is none other than the following :

“ We'll drink a health to lawless love,
And d—n the world's opinion.”

So much for Mr. Friarton. I next come to a commercial blood ; but who yields not the palm of extravagance or fashionable foibles to army, navy, or any other profession.

MR. T——DE,

The next who passed us, is not ennobled by heraldic honours, nor is he a *beau militaire*, like Mr. Friarton. He rejoices in the piping time of peace, because the pipe and hogshead might

have been his father's arms, as they were the emblems of his trade, and the sources from which he drew (you take) his revenue. In the vernacular tongue, Mr. T——de's father was a wine merchant. In *vino veritas*, as we say in Latin; but the son was for being above his father, a very common thing now a-days at the west end of the town, and has set up for a blood. He is rather of the genus, not genius (do not mistake me) of ruffians, so far as dress goes; looking more like a coachman or a horse-dealer than any thing else.

This gentleman does not live a hundred miles from Somerset Street. He too must have his *chere amie*, like his

betters, and accordingly he gives his name and protection to a female wood-nymph or gardener, who is the proudest little biped I ever saw. Her protector's sovereign conceit persuades him that she is as true to him as the needle is to the pole, particularly as her seduction is attributed to him; but the *morning* and *evening reports* (you take, cousin) of the Tenth Hussards afford a different statement. Whether right or wrong, is not our province to explain.

You may see the little lady, whose attractions are not few, every day in his tilbury, lolling by his side as if in the act of falling out; but whether the fond couple fall out together at times

becomes us not to say. Sometimes, however, madame is walking with Mr. G. from Cambridge, with whom the honorable F. S. and the wine merchant's son were when the former fell from his tandem, and had his leg broken. The *chere amie* of the said Mr. S. is extremely jealous of Mrs. T. as her protector flirted a little too openly with that lady last winter, when Mrs. T. had a private box at the theatre. All these little flirtations, however, caused no jealousy to the young son of the barrel, as his confidence in her immaculacy was proof against every thing. In order to be completely in style, he and Mr. S. fought a duel last winter, about their ladies, I believe. Luckily it was a bloodless contest, although it

engendered a mortal hatred betwixt them.

Strong in her personal charms, and aware of her power of pleasing, Mrs. T. casts even her chains over Mr. G. the *cantab*, and has him so completely in her power, that he dares not, whilst in town, accept of an engagement without letting her know, which circumstance is by no means ill taken by her secure paramour, who neither disapproves of it, nor of his friend G's constant dangling after her, which makes the world in general consider this as a family compact, a social arrangement, or what is more vulgarly called a joint concern.

COLONEL PEERLESS.

The good looking gentleman who nodded to me, as we entered the gardens, has a good deal to do at times in our office, in the way of protecting his game, letting leases, and the like. His history is odd enough. His father did not think that the marriage ceremony was absolutely necessary to his domestic happiness. Some people come together *sans ceremonie* (as we say in French), and live in great harmony. So it was with my lord and his partner; but after this, his first son, came into the world, he felt some qualms of conscience; and he determined to marry Madame.

A natural tendency to honour his

first-born caused the report that he had been married long before ; and in order to strengthen this assertion, a convenient minister of the gospel was induced to alter the parish register, which was only a proof of his lordship's conversion, by turning over a new leaf. The secret was admirably kept during his lordship's life, and during the minority of the colonel; but upon a question of his taking his seat in a certain great house, some of the broad bottoms who sit there made a stir about it: and these upright and downright ultras, in the cause of legitimacy, presented a petition against the colonel, and threw him out, superseding him by his younger brother. Thus the colonel, like duke and no duke, is lord and no lord ; and was at one time

a lord and a commoner in one body—a nice law-case you perceive. But in taking away the title, which we may call the shadow, they could not take away the fortune, which we call the substance; so that the colonel is a noun substantive, without the adjective right honourable.

If the ladies may be believed, he is peerless in more ways than one; for since this little bustle and disappointment, he has solaced himself with drinking, riding, racing, circulating the dross (as we say in the office), and all sorts of prime fun. His partiality to the fair sex is such, that if ever you meet any thing that looks game like, as we say in high life, riding in a carriage with crimson liveries, it is

about ten to one but it is the colonel's. Now, when I say the colonel's, mind ye, I don't mean that he is a line colonel, that's not in his line at all (you take); but he is a militia colonel, and that's as good; nay better, for Horace says '*militia est potior.*' Hem! and a man may be a colonel that way all his life, and keep a whole skin too, and never see a shot fired except grape (you take): and so does he too; he fires a great deal of grape, and takes a great deal of grape, and is as good a shot that way as any life guard's-man in Great Britain. In short, he is a rare hard goer, I promise you.

It was once thought that he would be called by another name, style, title, and denomination, (as we say in the

law) but that is not the case ; and there is nothing in a name, as Shakespear informs us. ‘ A rose would smell as sweet by any other name.’ So the colonel, illumined with claret, and ‘ a pretty girl under the rose’ as the song says, and with his man-of-war’s coat on, *id est*, his regimentals, though militia ones they be, may yet

‘ Bear his blushing honours thick upon him.’

Indeed, there is no man in England that is a better bottle companion, nor more lauded by the frail and fair than the truly honourable, though not right honorable, colonel aforesaid, as we say in our profession.

Here Rorey M‘Roy took breath, no-

thing dissatisfied with number one, nor with his frequent, if not successful, attempts at wit.

T. BENCHLEY, ESQ.

The Adonis who was one of the group at Long's on your arrival in town, and whom you afterwards saw in company with Lord Leg and Bert Allgoes in the gardens, is his own idol. His age is about twenty-two; and although twenty-one is deemed (as we call it) being at years of discretion, the additional year has not constituted that term with this youth.

Not long ago a writ in our office sent this buck to the King's Bench; from

whence, in common with many more of our customers over the water, as we call it in the office, he dashes about with a day-rule in his pocket, as gay and as consequential as if he had a thousand per week. On one occasion he broke rules, and was searched for by a special original at the notorious Mrs. B——'s a cyprian of high fame. To put himself out of pain (or rather pane), he got out of the back drawing-room window, which threw a new light on the subject; but subsequently to this he was arrested on a Sunday, just as he and his fair friend were going out to tea, *te decedente die*, as we say in Latin.

Lord G——'s tipstaff said in our office that Mrs. B—— sold him for ten pounds; and, like the harlots in the Beg-

gar's Opera, gave a private signal to the officers for his apprehension ; but we do not give credit to this report : the thing appears to us foreign from her habits and her heart, as we know that at another time she kept him most generously in her house, when he was a little shy, as the bloods of the west end of the town call it, or when (to use a fashionable term) he was a Sunday man : besides, we have had executions against herself, and she always acted like a lady. Then again, after playing the butterfly with other belles, in full blow, he came back to Mrs. B——, which does not seem as if the story of her selling him were true.

In May last, he took a very expensive house in Half Moon Street, gave parties,

great dinners, et cetera, and used habitually to entertain Lord Leg and his friend Bert; but I fancy the *flimsey** is not quite so plentiful as formerly, or, rather, that since he was a *bencher*, *tick* don't flow in so copiously as heretofore. Tradesmen are so often hit, as we call it in the west end of the town, that they grow a little squeamish. It is supposed that his friends have compromised with his creditors, which is the cause of his being able to go about; and, to tell you the truth, half of the dashers you meet in the park, gardens, and public places, owe their liberty either to compromise, whitewashing acts, or perhaps have a day-rule or a letter of license in their

* The slang term for bank notes.

pocket, when you see them the gayest of the gay, and as expensive as nabobs.

For instance, there is not a more elegantly dressed youth in Bond Street, or the St. James's end of the town, than Mr. Adonis Escape, none who cut a better figure in public, none who more exactly follow the fashion, and change the cut of their clothes every month. I do not mean that he cuts his coat according to his cloth; on the contrary, he cuts his tailor according to his coats, *id est*, when he won't tick any longer, as we say in the fashionable world: at least, this is the practice of all our fashionables.

CAPTAIN S——

Next passed in review. The captain is a very dangerous man; for he possesses the "*suaviter in modo et fortiter in re.*" He carries his point either by negotiation, or by storm. If the white flag and the *parlementaire* fail, he discontinues all diplomatic or warlike conference, and assaults the place, or sits down before it in form, as he did at a certain inn, and summons the garrison to surrender at discretion. His fair enemy, however, had too much discretion for that; and, after an attack upon her outworks, he was beaten off with considerable loss, and defeated in a most complete manner. The captain, who also comes from a sister kingdom, was so determined

about getting a wife, that when the persuasive and agreeable failed, he had recourse to the commanding and violent. Time was, when in Ireland a man boasted of either charming or affronting a woman; of either winning her, or carrying her forcibly off; of either wedding her or destroying her: and the story of Miss Knox is still alive in Hibernian memory, where the lover, intending to bear away the daughter, and to shoot the father, shot by mistake the daughter, and was taken by her father's friends. We had hoped that these means, savouring of remote barbarity, had ceased with the old style; but the captain, who is a man of the new style, appears to wish to revive these ancient *Vandalisms*.

It has never been sufficiently illustrated why the young lady, after being woo'd and won, could not be brought to wed; but the coolness, alienation, and breaking off came from her. It does not frequently occur on that side of the house; but in this instance the general rule was not absolute, as we say in the law.

O'FLOURISH, OF THE COMMISSARIAT.

There are positive fops, comparative fops, and superlative fops. O'Flourish is a superlative. When abroad, the ladies used to call him *le beau generale*; and the waiters called him *mon generale*; and the jewellers called him *le generale*, the general, as if he was *unique* in his species, or as if

he was the general of all generals. Whereas, he is either a deputy general, or an assistant general, a general's deputy, or a deputy's assistant; in short, he is the fractional part of a general account divided, and subdivided, and so frittered away, that it becomes like a general remark, a thing common and scarcely worthy of attention, though obvious to the vulgarest capacity. This general likewise bears the quill instead of the sword, and works in the cabinet, (aye and *dans le petit cabinet*, as the ladies say) instead of the field. Mr. O'Flourish has however one title to general, namely, being a general lover, and bearing general contempt. The lowness of his origin is one great cause; his personal conceit is another. with

respect to his origin, his father was a boxkeeper at the theatre in Crow Street, Dublin; and the rest of his family is as ignorant as unknown. *Ignoti et ignascentes*, hem! as we say in Latin. Now as to his conceit, the strongest proof of it is his personal attachment to himself, and the immense pains which he takes to deck out in gaudy feathers the Crow Street bird of the liberties of Dublin, nothing aware that borrowed plumage is as easily detected in men as in birds; and that many who cannot pluck a crow, may at least pluck out a crow's feather, and display it's native dingy poverty.

The general, however, has kept in view the feathering of his nest, which

Madame St. M——, and other French courtesans, assert to be warm enough. With a view (we presume) of being considered a jewel of a fellow, he displays his own jewels to the weaker sex, and makes presents of rings and watches to the ladies of his choice, not few in number. This dazzles their eyes. Besides, there is a vulgarity in common money; and the money-making man soars higher by turning the article into baubles and trinkets, which he can gracefully offer at the shrine of Venus, and thus outshine the mere golden calf of the financier, who merely deals in dross. I have often observed that men who have nothing to boast of at home go abroad for all their tastes and fashions, for their habits and quo-

tations. Thus it is that the unbloody general despises home and homely fare, nay, carries the matter so far as to look down upon homely *fair*. His more refined and sublimated taste leads him to French females, to French cooks, and to all sorts of French and other foreign furniture in his house.

The general has also, as a matter of particular taste, fancied himself into an admirable dancer of quadrilles. The ladies prefer him in a *pas de deux*; and the gentlemen leave him to dance a *pas seul*; whilst the step which they take towards him is a *dos à dos*, as we say in France. The *pirouette* he excels in, although he tried a *terre à terre* with a certain

dandy, whose trial was occasioned by this circumstance. The general, however, did not make quite so good a figure on paper, although he had been at the trade of figures on paper so long, as he did on the carpet; and whether he will make a good figure in history is still a matter of doubt. In the interim, he figures in the world, a unit of much magnitude in his own eyes, a cypher in the eyes of others; but so proud is he of his own dear figure, that he sports it frequently in three dresses of a morning, exhibiting them all *pro bono publico*, as we say, to the admiring public, independent of the last finish of evening dress. His tailors, jewellers, and perfumers, are particularly obliged to him; but the

greatest obligation which he can confer, is his not noticing his military acquaintances on the continent, many of whom have bound themselves to the reciprocal observance of the same discreet conduct towards him. More might be said on the subject, although it be a paltry one; but the public gazettes are open to every eye, as every eye is open to the foppery of the celebrated pseudo General O'Flourish.

MR. ———.

The person who was so uncommonly civil, in making way for Mrs. M'Tavish at her entering the gardens, is one of the many who live elegantly, and seem like men of fortune, by the ways and means of some underhand job, or secret

source of wealth—such as partnerships in infamous concerns, Greeking, gaming, or low scheming. Mr. —— is no other than one of the proprietors of a hell.

“What the deevil’s a hell?” interrupted old M’Tavish.

Why, continued the young lawyer, he is one of a firm whose receipts and gains far exceed any banking-house, or system of finance in Christendom. His money-mill is in ——, against which I warn you, worthy cousin. There are three ostensible partners in the concern, which has been a matter of concern to many.

There, every night, with the velocity of a steam-engine, money is extracted

from the fobs and pockets of pigeons, upon the turn up of a few cards, which never turn up trumps to them. There are many odd tricks going; and the calculation in favour of the table is frightful. Still it is a fashion to go to these rookeries, to these hawks' nests, to these fly traps, gudgeon fisheries, and pigeon holes, and to be duped with open eyes. The proprietors attend, look conceited, watch the motion of their destructive engine, perambulate the room, have an eye to their interest, look to the concern, and when the concern is closed up, repose upon their honest earnings, and play the gentleman the next day.

Mr. ———, I repeat it, is one of this tribe, who, although as injurious to public morals and to civilized society as

the Greeks, the legs, the sharpers, et cetera, modestly call themselves proprietors or bankers. The fortunes amassed by these houses purchase army, rank, boroughs, estates, freehold qualifications; and support town and country establishments, as well as equipages, and furnish every species of luxury. They have mistresses, (Mr. — has his amongst the number) whose finery resembles that of the hordes of Turks and Tartars, who glitter, and are covered and harnessed with the spoils of the plundered; and his *fat sleeping partner* is saluted in her carriage by half the male fashion in town; on her part she returns their advances, ‘nothing loth.’

Whilst debts and mortgages, annuities and post-obits, oppress and ruin

the gay spendthrifts of town, these despoilers thrive, and flourish, and fatten, in a manner, on the vitals of their fellow creatures. Hence we see beggars on horseback, and princes walking on foot. Pall Mall, St. James's Street, the Square, and that whole quarter, swarms with these locusts. The actions in our office, the distress, the distraining, the ruin of families, desertion of wives and children, are innumerable; yet Mrs. —, the *soit disant* Mrs. —, no bad smith at forging love's bolts and fetters, outshines many a nobleman's wife; and Mr. —, as well as the whole junta of these gaming-house keepers, can drink his claret, and give his dinners, and take a trip to the continent, and ape in every thing, nay

outdo his betters. Their quick return of money from the lure of a little gold and paper, which constitutes the bank, is as incredible as is the trash which compose these ruining speculations—horse-dealers, builders, ex-tobacconists, sharers in banking-houses, disgraced professional men, et cetera.

One who was formerly concerned in a ——— bank, now wallows in riches by this more thriving trade. A Mr. P. as rich as a Jew, is just returned from abroad, full of airs and impudence, and expects to be mistaken for a gentleman. Mr. O———, to whom you saw ——— speak, who has the complete cut of a waiter, as we say at the court end of the town, ill made, and with car-

rotty locks, gives himself all the flippant coxcomical airs of a young man of birth, though vulgar in the extreme. Another fellow, again, who retired, not very respectably, from his old masters in Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, now figures in this line of business, which has led many a better although less fortunate man to another line, high and fatal in its operation.

I shall certainly single out all these black sheep, and make my much valued relation acquainted with their characters; for although a London man knows the breed by head-mark, yet a country gentleman might quite mistake them; and, as they are always too civil by half, as we say, very officious, attentive,

and easy of access, he might fall into the same snare which has proved fatal to others, and which occasions more suits, writs, and other business in our office, than all the other causes of litigation.

Ere I conclude this subject, I cannot help remarking, that a well-looking man, now on the British staff in France, had a share in (we believe) the *Beehive*—a pretty industrious name. And that he who used to sing on the stage, and would make his best bow for half-a-crown, on his benefit night, in a minor theatre in Dublin, whose brother is a musical man, and lives by this trade, from his share in a pharo bank, and from other play connexions, now struts

about with all the importance of a gentleman bred and born, and associates with all our nobility and gentry in the French metropolis—so has Paddy turned brass into gold.

JUDGE ———.

This is a judge of whom I have next to speak. You might perceive that I bowed very profoundly to him, because he is thought a great deal of in our office. He is not a man of brilliant abilities, but then he is a very zealous, loyal, respectable gentleman. He is a good king's man, and (I think) a very sound lawyer. He is also an upright man, and a proper man, and bitterly hates dwarfs of all descriptions, and de-

formity of principle, as well as levellers of all kinds. His own origin is not very high to be sure, but then the greater his personal merit. He may fairly say, with my favourite author, Ovid—

*‘ Nam genus et proavæ et quæ non fecimus ipsi,
Vix ea nostra voco ;*

for to be sure the good gentleman has not much to do with ancestors and pedigree. It was complained against him, that on a certain trial, he slurred over the matter a little negligently, and did not see the jury at all ; but, bless you, the sentence was all right, and that’s quite enough. They need not have been so straight-laced with him, although his mamma was a stay-maker ; nor have shaved him so close, although his papa was a barber. The delinquent,

at all events, had a hair's breadth escape, and deserved to be lathered by the country at large. These sort of fellows think nothing of getting others in the suds, but when there themselves, think they are hardly dealt with. It is a great pity that any blame should have attached to the worthy judge, who ought to have looked, however, a little sharper.

No wonder that he should support church and state ; for his papa was at the very head of the clergy ; nay, sometimes took bishops by the nose, the edge of his wit was found so keen, and his *Canterbury tales* helped the digestion of many a fat prebend. In elections he could give a history of the

pole, and stood up on all occasions for church and king; and, although in the *wig* interest by profession, was a decided tory at heart. It was thought by many that the judge would have been bred to the church, since the church gave bread to his father, and because his name fitted him for it, and there is much in a name; but perhaps he had not a call that way. He was sent to college by the exertions of the clergy, and through their patronage advanced to his present dignities.

In all times, the most remote and barbarous, the tonsor has had influence in court. He has such an opportunity of collecting the news of the day, and of carrying messages, and of hearing

what is stirring in church and state, that if he be clever, he is sure to pick up something at last. Besides, he can give a dressing to any one, and can teach his progeny the utility of the puff, guard against any bare-faced impostors, and instruct them when and how to curl up the nose in contempt, with many other useful properties of the trade.

I am informed that old peruquier always imagined that his son would become the judge's wig, and he was right. No man looks more like the companion of wisdom, Minerva's attendant—the owl, the sage and comely owl; and a man's looking well on the bench, let me tell you, is no small matter: it is at least putting a good face on the cause.

To conclude, there is no man more to be looked up to than the learned judge; and long may he sit in awful dignity on the bench, to be a credit to our profession, and to be a terror to the mobacrocry of the country, and all the Spencean speculators and mad theorists of the day! I must next call your attention to

MR. CHARMER.

Mr. Charmer is of our profession, a conveyancer in the most respectable line; but so eat up with vanity, that he quite departs from the dignity of his cloth. His morning study is his looking glass, his evening reflection is—his looking glass. He is the plague of the tailors and breeches makers, none of

whom can fit him to his satisfaction. He seems to imagine that his matchless form is never done justice to; and he is as fanciful in his attire as the finest lady in the land. Devoted to fashion, he frequents the theatres, public amusements, and watering places, more to be seen than to see. His inseparable companion is Mr. T——, whose amours we have already touched on.

Fond of the fair sex, he might, in his turn, be a favourite with them; but it is alleged by the ladies, that one who so idolizes self can love nothing else; and he has, some how or other, got rather a bad name with the cyprian corps. A taste for female society leads him to the charms of the fair; but an idea

that the attractions of his own person are recompense enough for every kindness, condescension, and attention which he may receive, has disappointed many an expecting belle ; and he has applied the law which substitutes the paying in person to liquidating the debt in coin, in a manner particularly accommodating to himself.

His female acquaintance do not stick to the letter of the law in that point, and accuse him of meanness, selfishness, illiberality, conceit, and penury ; whereas, I believe, that pride alone is the cause ; and that he is self-convinced that he confers the greatest possible favour on a woman by singling her out as an object of pass-time, or of momen-

tary admiration. Of his conduct Mrs. B——, Mrs. J——, Mrs. S——, and others, complained loudly ; and it has been hinted that he had better attend to his business than play the superlative fop in the manner he now does ; and that a book most particularly recommended to his perusal, by dissatisfied fair, is Burn's Justice ; there being even in matters of intrigue reciprocal obligations to fulfil, of which the irresistible Mr. Charmer seems not to be in the least aware.

MR. WOULD-BE-LORD.

The old gentleman for whom you kindly made way, and who seemed worn out with infirmity and age, is the

best customer to the law in the three kingdoms. He has been in our office a dozen times, and has employed nine-tenths of the lawyers and solicitors in England. One single chancery suit has lasted him exactly half a century; and he has worn out half a score of attornies, who have either died in his service, given him up, or been broke or dismissed. One in particular has been struck off the roll, and two have become bankrupts in his service; and although he has spent a fortune in litigation, yet he is as fond of it as ever. He has always one and sometimes two clerks writing for sixteen hours in the day in his room; and I believe that he could not exist without parchments, seals, papers, stamps, acts of parliament, legal records,

and cobwebs surrounding him, in all directions.

A very ridiculous occurrence took place a little while ago at an attorney's of some eminence. Mr. W. having, for the fiftieth time, changed his lawyer, called in a hackney coach upon this professional gentleman, in order to employ him in his affairs. The attorney, after three hours audience, begged to see his papers, with which the new client complied, requesting first that a large table should be cleared of all other matter, for fear of confusion. When this was done, Mr. W. shot from a pillow-case such a mountain of papers, that the affrighted lawyer declined his business, observing, that it would take a

man's whole life to go through them; and as for any hope of concluding his suit, it was entirely out of the question. The disappointed litigator withdrew, and has since had his business resigned by divers other practitioners.

At his first outset in life, this gentleman was noted for a carriage, which put to shame all the lord-mayors, sheriffs, foreign ambassadors, and mountebanks' vehicles in the world: it beat even his countryman's, Mr. Roche's, known by the name of the silver fish, and of the fighting Roche. It put down also Lord C——'s, brought from Italy, with the finest designs and paintings on its panels; and with winged spirits, and naked cupids, represented as flying

in all directions, of which, the witty George Selwyn, when asked by the great Charles Fox whose carriage it was, said he supposed it to be the ambassador of *Gomorrha's*. The carriage we allude to of this litigious gentleman was a mass of gilding, or-moulu, and burnished mouldings, and cost him in those days one thousand guineas, now equal to two thousand. He was also remarked for the splendour of his dress, the foppishness of his appearance, the magnificence of his furniture, and the expensive style of his living. He set up for a peerage; for he is of a very ancient family, and not a little proud of his ancestry: but, somehow or other, some play transactions cast a slur upon his name, and the peerage was never

more heard of: he even submitted to make a compromise with an Irish adventurer of desperate fortune, and capable of any thing, who advertised the publication of the cause of this gentleman losing the peerage, with some private anecdotes of his life; for which he received much money. This adventurer was a clergyman, the Rev. B. O'S——. After that, the old gentleman became a marked man, and he now

“ Walks like Contempt, alone.”

From the appearance of the most extravagant and luxurious habits, he became a miser. The velvet and satin hangings in his house are now all in rags. The triumphal car slept for a dozen years in a hen house, and was

sold for the wood-work two or three years ago. The wardrobe is merely kept to be looked at; and he goes about, as you see, shabby, and uncleanly in his exterior, whilst the most penurious economy reigns in the interior of his house: he has at length, also, come to a stand still in his law-suit; for, after seeing out a generation of lawyers, he has lost it, and is immediately to set off for the continent, with the view of offering a compromise of near one hundred thousand pounds for estates of three times the value, taken possession of by him more than half a century ago.

His name and family have been celebrated by a notorious fighting Greek, a cousin of his, and by a young man

nicknamed Adonis, who married a half-witted heiress, fitter for confinement than wedlock, who made his fortune. You may easily suppose, that as the old gentleman has got out of law, he certainly must very soon get out of the world, unable to survive being thus displaced from his element. He has an only son, half bred, and half begotten, who endeavoured to give returning fashion to his father's house by private theatricals; but it would not do: the audience was promiscuous, and the actors worse; and Mr. L—— C—— and Sir George S——— were the greatest ornaments to the party.

We beg the Honorable Miss H——, the poetess's pardon. She too attended

these dramatic dainties ; and addresses red morocco bound poems, printed and read almost by herself alone, to this antiquated beau and faded peer, nipped in the bud of quality.

MRS. BEWITCHEM.

Miss M'Tavish asked me who the handsome lady was who was speaking to Lord W——. I made her a sign at that time, because I consider her as not orthodox, as we say in Greek ; and I did not like to mention her name in the gardens. This character, although taken by the hand by princes, dukes, lords, and adventurers, is one of the very lowest origin ; yet, like Catherine the Great, with a mind and abilities to grasp at any thing, and an ambition

equal to any enterprise, far better bred than born, and a woman of breeding besides. You take (I hope not, said Mrs. M'Tavish) as witness her appearance, two to one in her favour—hem! She has accomplishments and allurements far above what might be expected, and which have captivated and attached a number of men of high quality and not unadorned minds.

With respect to her pedigree, her mother was a bathing woman, a dipper of ladies in the sea, so we'll wave her birth (you perceive). No wonder then that her salt water parent should have *pickled* her well. Early in life she could not avoid the rocks of temptation, nor stem the tide of fortune; no, nor

keep her head above water, without industry or intrigue. The latter she preferred ; so, unfortunately, do many ladies.

Idleness is the root of all evil, as we say in the proverbs. - She came to town, struck the eye of vicious fancy, became a prime mistress, next a noted Lady Townly, and then connected herself with a Greek, until a tragical scene put an end to that play. The remembrance of this preys heavily on her spirits at times, and the spirits as constantly lie heavily upon her stomach.

In spite, however, of the part she acted in this black scene, she still holds her em-

pire over many hearts ; for, were she to sing Moore's melody—" Come, tell me," says Rosa, when she came to the lines, " come, tell me the number, repeat me the list," she must go back almost to her childhood, and using the simplest, most innocent, prettiest method, must begin with—I love my love with an A, and so go on to the end of the alphabet ; for instance, Lord A-----; then coming to B. C-----, who protects her openly, and takes her to Brighton, so that there is no secret in his name ; then go through the guards with the initials thereof ; and, as you see, come down to an infamous W. and to a proud but respectable Lord W-----t. Then, as for X. Y's, she has had plenty of them amongst the

money lenders ; and the Z. generally exists amongst the Jews, with whom this fair one is by no means unacquainted.

The Peer Cripplegate has a great regard for her, and frequently sings and plays second to her ; but her society, when she is on her guard, and when native vulgarity does not break out through the haze of wine, is not disagreeable. Ere she grew lusty, her figure was worthy the chissel of a Grecian, I don't mean of a Greek, but of a Zeuxis, for instance. She dances like a sylph, sings most agreeably ; and has rude, coarse, and unhewn wit, which, if polished by the chaste hand of propriety, would strike every one with admiration.

Rorie M'Roy was proceeding to state, that in spite of her many faults, she had a good heart, when Mrs. M'Tavish overwhelmed him with abuse ; asked him how he came to name such a creature ; whether he meant to make her husband in love with her ; whether he had an interest in misleading the laird ; with such a flood of obloquy, that the lawyer was silent for many minutes, and could with difficulty be prevailed upon to resume his narrative, and to draw the other portraits in the garden. The laird, however, looked very sly and inquisitive all the while ; twice licked his lips ; and almost rubbed out the knees of his pantaloons. What could this mean ?

CHAPTER VI.

THE Laird of Glenturret was all amazement at the recital which his highland cousin had just made. How little did he know of mankind! What a knowledge of the world Cousin Rorie had gained by living in a great metropolis, and by passing a few years as an attorney! How he regretted the adventure of the hat and wig! His only remedy was to return the next Sunday to the same haunt of fashion, and in the meanwhile to make the most of his time by seeing the curiosities of London.

But to return to the wig—Colonel

Bergamotte, such was the exquisite's name, had ordered his groom to take the measure of the highland laird's head, and to make Beaumont, in Bond Street, select one of his most tasty perukes for a new customer. A round hat, of about an inch in the brim, and a very high crown, was also procured in Bond Street; and the servant returning at full speed, got it placed upon the gael's head time enough to quit the park decently, but not until Mrs. M'Tavish and Susan had returned to their carriage. The broad face of the laird, "flushed with a purple grace," a carbunculous prominence on his nose, fierce black eyes, and grey bushy eyebrows, made a strange contrast to a light brown wig, and a hat which just

seemed perched upon the promontory of a head, like a wren, or a water-wagtail, seated on a highland hill. There was something truly ridiculous in his appearance; but Colonel Bergamotte, who now made his morning visit, assured Glenturret that he looked incomparably well, and might pass for a buck of the first water. “You’re pleased to flatter,” said the laird, “but I shall never forget your civility yestreen.”

Colonel B. now prevailed upon the laird to have his eye-brows dyed, in order to suit the colour of his peruke; and by some mismanagement or other, he burned one of the chieftain’s eyelids, and made him roar like a bull, there being something caustic in

the composition of the dye. The colonel now withdrew, promising to return next day, and the bold captain came to offer his arm to the mountain beauty ; whilst Rorie got leave from his office to attend his grand relatives, under condition, that if the laird should want to borrow money, or get into some scrape, out of which a law-suit might grow, he was to be recommended to Mr. Specious, as his man of business.

Westminster Abbey, the Tower, the Bank, and other public buildings, were to form the morning's amusement. In the course of the round, Captain Ogle said a thousand pretty things to Susan, and in particular, that he was afraid his

peace of mind would be sacrificed to his trip in a Berwick smack ; for' that it would break his heart to see such an angel quit her present sphere, and be obscured in the mist of a mountain. This had a prodigious effect upon Susan's sensibility : she was silent for many seconds, and only broke that silence by a sigh. This the captain well knew how to interpret. He tried to look very fond and interesting at her, and tenderly squeezed her hand. At the same time, he took this fortunate opportunity of warning her against Colonel Bergamotte : he informed her that he was the greatest rake in town, the very terror of husbands, and that he had ruined half a dozen women. He begged that she would never give him her arm, and be as little seen with

him as possible. Here Captain Ogle out-manœuvered himself; for such warning, and such account of amorous celebrity, of fashion and of gallantry, was equal to pleading the colonel's cause. Susan promised fair, of course, and returned the captain's affection with the sincerest reciprocity.

The limb of the law thought this a happy moment to hint to his kinsman that he thought Cousin Susan made herself a little particular with Captain Ogle, and that it would be as well if they were not so constantly together; that the captain had nothing but his commission; and that he had known many young women who had been ta'en off their feet (a Scotch expression) by red coats, and who had to regret it

all their lives. The laird was as anxious as any body could be that his daughter should not be thrown away; that she should make a good match; and that the accession of riches might rub off what the Highlanders call the original sin entailed on his property i. e. hereditary mortgages, which generally descend from father to son in highland inheritance. The reason is obvious: the Highlander is generous, unsuspecting, and ambitious. When he comes south, he wishes to cut a figure; and he will always find people enough to drain his purse, and legal advice to hamper his property, which alone survives all these shocks, from being often closely intailed for the honour of the clan.

The laird, therefore, very much approved of his kinsman's advice; but pride was still more powerful than prudence with him. Besides, he almost adored his daughter, and thought that she could not do wrong. He, therefore, drily answered, that Susan was too prudent to do any thing wrong, or without his advice; that they had come to town for her amusement; and that she should not be controlled. He concluded by ordering Rorie never to give his advice unasked, and by putting him in mind that he was the head of the clan; that Rorie only belonged to it by his mother's side, and that the best feather in his wing was being M'Tavish's vassal. Master Parchment did not much admire this piece of arro-

gance; but the chain of interest was his strongest tie to M'Tavish; and he therefore brooked the rebuke, harsh as it was, with a deceitful smile.

The impertinent remark of the footman, that Mrs. M'Tavish had escaped from the wax-work; the frequent observations on the length of her waist which had fallen from contemptuous ladies passing her in the gardens; the bewitching allurements of fashion, and the conviction that she looked different from the London belles, had acted most powerfully on her; and she filled the lodging with milliners, dress and corset-makers, and hair-dressers, whilst she emptied her husband's canvas bags of his last guinea, and forced

him to borrow money three days after his arrival in town. She was, however, quite the quintessence of fashion, and far outdressed her daughter. Her *frock* was four inches below her shoulder, and nearly even in front with the pit of her stomach: her petticoat was only a few inches below her knees: her sandy hair, which hung formerly straight, now hung in ringlets, by the aid of a curling fluid, and assumed the glossy blackness of the raven, by the application of an imperial dye. In short, Mrs. M'Tavish was quite the thing.

Just as the party was proceeding to Westminster Abbey, a portly porpoise, in a shabby gig, pulled up, and dispatched his little Ganymede, yclept

Tiger Minimus, to speak to Mrs. M'Tavish. The young emissary gently touched her elbow; and putting a one pound note into her hand, said, in a low tone of voice, "My lord sends you this trifle to buy a pair of gloves, on condition that you will give him that young lady's address," pointing to Susan.

Mrs. M'Tavish was delighted at so high a compliment from a lord, and mentioned the flattering circumstance to her husband, who, understanding what was meant better than his lady, made use of the China headed cane on the miniature ambassador, who flew off as though he had wings at his heels; and in a minute, gig, and peer, and petty procurer, were all out of sight. The

lawyer, however, had just time to get a glimpse of the peer, who, he informed his friends, was Lord Leg, the worn-out Anacreon of the age, who is the friendly adviser and amusing companion of all the cyprians and demireps in town; and who, with his talent for mimicry, and agreeable voice, chases care from admiring frail ones, and passes the long night in Lisle Street, Leicester Square, Crawford Street, and other equally respectable neighbourhoods.

When the laird had recovered from his indignation, he viewed with open mouth the tombs of Westminster Abbey; and Mrs. M'Tavish dropped a tear of pity over the illustrious dead. She had a drop in her eye; and the slight-

est impulse called it forth. From Westminster Abbey the party proceeded to the Tower, where the ladies were very much frightened at the wild beasts, and where the laird took off his hat to the semblance of men in armour in the horse armoury. Nothing very particular occurred during the rest of the day, except Glenturret having his pocket picked, and Mrs. M'Tavish being violently laughed at by a party at the Bank.

Returned to Stevens's hotel, the limb of the law and his cousin were closetted, in order to treat about raising money by way of an annuity, which was to be negotiated the next day, through the medium of Mr. Specious. Colonel Bergamotte called in

to give Susan four Opera tickets, and to inform her that he had secured a box at the Opera for her for the next night (Tuesday). He tried to outsit Captain Ogle, but did not succeed; and from this moment they were decided rivals.

This evening was spent at the play, where the laird was very proud of becoming acquainted with a most amiable gentleman, Mr. Apollo Bathos, whom he had seen before; and of introducing his wife and daughter to two very agreeable ladies, who promised to call on them the ensuing day: but how was he mortified upon learning afterwards that the one was a Mrs.—, a notorious cyprian, and that the other was the

wife of a linen-draper in High Holborn. At first the laird was for calling out the favourite of the muses ; but he was dissuaded from it by Colonel Bergamotte, who came in at the last act of the play, three parts intoxicated, and who escorted the family home ; the captain and lawyer not being able to attend them this evening.

The French very properly say that “ *Les absens ont toujours tort ;* ” so it occurred on this occasion ; for in Captain Ogle’s absence the colonel gained such ground on poor Susan’s heart, that it was like completing the first parallel in a siege. He plied her with extravagant compliments ; talked of his horses and his hounds ; invited her to

ride by his side the next day to see a turn-out of the four-horse club, of which he was a member; depreciated Ogle, by saying that he was a very good sort of fellow, but that he was nobody; nobody knew him; he could not afford to live with people of rank—fellows of fashion; he resided in an obscure lodging; kept no horses; and, for his part, he would not be seen with him at a *bull-bait*.

Susan's heart now began to vacillate; but still she leant towards Ogle. There was, however, a degree of indecision, which the four-horse club determined in favour of the colonel. Thus does the affection of woman often depend upon idle parade and external appearances.

The morning was fine. Susan agreed to deny herself to Captain Ogle; and at about three o'clock Colonel Bergamotte drove up to the door in his light mail. Four thorough-bred horses, which cost him *his note of hand* for a thousand guineas, were his *turn-out*. They were jet-black, and were admirably driven by this fashionable whip. Pa and ma were left at home; and the colonel had it all his own way. He dashed down the Park twice; then out at Hyde Park Corner; flew down the King's Road; and then took her to the spot appointed for these modern Phætons to perform their mail exercise; and conducted her safe back to Stevens's hotel, giddy with pleasure, dazzled by fashionable appearance, and alienated

entirely from her former admirer. Pa and ma had walked out in the Park, and had passed Susan, with the four bloods, two stylish grooms, et cetera; but Susan pretended not to see them, and *cut* the old folks, by the colonels spirited advice.

Amongst the four-horse gentry was Sir Felix Flimsey, Bart. who was pointed out to the old folks by Rory M'Roy: but what was the laird's astonishment when he afterwards found that the money which he borrowed by annuity, at above sixteen per cent. was lent by this mixture of pride and meanness, of avarice and extravagance, of nobility and ————! But he was not the only odd character of the

four-horse club. Of this flashy set was Captain Polygam, who now has a turn-out of donkies at Botany Bay, and is the king of the dandy convicts of that popular settlement.

Captain Ogle dined with the M'Tavish family this day, but perceived a coolness in Susan. They had a dispute respecting Colonel Bergamotte, who Susan said was a charming man. The captain assured her that he had passed her off for his mistress to all the club; and that he kept a very worthless woman; and associated with young Teasle, and a notorious set of Legs. Susan hastily replied, that she did not care; and that she was going in his curricule with a fresh set of horses the

very next day. Coolness engendered distance; and at last the captain set off for Bath, leaving behind him a very kind but melancholy letter of admonition for Susan.

Previous to visiting the Opera, the laird was engaged to dine with the colonel at the St. James's hotel. He went according to appointment, and met Sir Godfrey Horsemagog, young Teasle, and a number of other Greeks and pigeons. An attempt was made to Greek the old gentleman by a round of hazard being introduced after dinner; but he would not play. He also took young Teasle aside, reminding him of his conduct on coming to town; and, without disturbing the harmony of

the party, gave him his choice of meeting him the next day at Chalk Farm, or of making a public apology.

Teasle preferred the former; and it being known to M'Roy that a meeting was to take place, he got the parties stopped on the ground, and bound over to keep the peace. This was not the worst: young Teasle was arrested by M'Roy's interference for a large sum, and must remain three months in prison, until he fashionably throws over his creditors; so that old M'Tavish had ample revenge, though greatly disappointed at not getting a fight, and indignant at the lawyer for such ungentleman-like conduct.

The hour now arrived, when the

highland beauty and her high-dressed mamma were to make their first appearance at the Opera. Colonel Bergamotte's dashing chariot, with two footmen, waited at the door of Stevens's to conduct them. The many beaux who frequent that fashionable hotel were on the tiptoe of expectation to see the Caledonian belle; and stared her out of countenance as she passed to the carriage. The colonel dined at a club dinner, but was to make his appearance at the ballet, to be in time to talk some soft nonsense to his new conquest, and to hand her triumphantly through lisping insipids, gay ruffians, and more sober *dilettanti*, to the carriage.

The laird's appearance on entering

the box set a host of guardsmen and other exquisites in convulsions of laughter; and as the opera was begun, and the laird wished to appear as if he understood what was going on, he joined in the laugh, imagining that it was the comic scene which called forth the general risibility. This circumstance tended to increase the laugh, which drew every eye in the house upon him. The laird was upon this occasion habited in the very excess of fashion. Scott of Pall-Mall had literally sewed the Highlander in a tight coat, the buttons on the back touching, the pigeon tail hanging over his immense postern protuberance, the waist up to his arm-pits; and moreover, he was persuaded by the colonel (who joined in the laugh

against him) to wear a belt, i. e. something nearly bordering on a pair of stays, which propelled the blood to his face, and gave his countenance the appearance of a sunflower in full blow.

When the roar of laughter had ceased, a legion of fops, in the passage to the pit, named Fop's Alley, pointed the artillery of their opera glasses at the fair Caledonian; and one of them had the impudence to kiss his hand to her, which the chieftain taking to himself, went down to discover his friend. During his absence, Sir Claud Peacock, a city exquisite, who fancies himself into a man of fashion and consequence, and conceives that his militia honours pass for the Guards or the line,

introduced himself into the box, and was very well received by madame, who supposed the simple knight to be some illustrious baronet of fashion, fortune, and renown. He had with him a young banker, who, though the very model of *fausses manieres* and counter consequence, gained credit for being a man of bon ton with Mrs. M'Tavish, to whom he made violent love.

Whilst this scene was acting in the Opera box, the laird was affording ample amusement to half-intoxicated dandies in the pit. One quizzing him by pretending to mistake him for the Duke of S——, to whom he was about as like as a cavalry officer is to a windmill. Another put a fulminating ball

near him, on which he trod, to the great annoyance of a party of sickly looking tradesmen's wives in the high caricature of dress, and talking the vulgar tongue in the vulgarest manner. Next he seated himself between two notorious demireps, who slipped their cards into his pocket, which cost him the bitterest reproaches from his enraged rib. The colonel, however, now made his appearance, and the ballet concluded.

CHAPTER VII.

THE colonel handed his fair favourite to his carriage, and then appointed to meet them at Stevens's, and to sup together; adding, that Dick Dangle would give him a cast in his *vis a vis*, and that he should be at the hotel in an hour. He took special care to say this loud enough to be heard; at the same time he squeezed Susan's hand, and winked at some of his friends, who believed that he was on the most easy and familiar footing with the highland beauty.

After supper, many regrets were expressed that he had come so late to the Opera, as he might otherwise have point-

ed out the *beau monde* to his highland friends. This was however made amends for, by his engaging to tell them the history of every one present worth knowing, which he did accordingly.

LORD LEG.

That Comus-like nobleman, who, barring his club foot, had a portly appearance enough, spends his time in a most profligate manner; but he has the rare quality of consistency; for his lordship is no changling—his course has been like that of the Sun, ever the same—he has daily *shone* in the same haunts of dissipation—*rose* inflamed with wine and fevered appetite, and *set* in the lowest habitations of vice, except

when the haze of champagne, or the obnubilation of indigestion and debauch, have prevented his appearance, “*inter minora sidera*,” as Horace says.

Of his *illustrious* equally dissipated predecessors and family, *we* shall say nothing, nor mention any trite and well-known anecdote of his pleasurable life, but confine ourselves to more secret anecdotes, which have come to *our* knowledge in a manner too delicate to be revealed.

Women and wine, mirth, fun, grimace, mimicry, and revels of all kinds, are his lordship's delight. He is a good bottle companion, and a good judge of wine, sings agreeably, and equals Liston

in mimicry ; but, above all, he is the king of a certain pleasurable house, which *usage du monde* and *bien sceance*, as we say in French, forbids us to name. There, seated in *cathedra*, he is listened to like an oracle : his fat visage is patted on, stroked down by a Mary Ann or a Louisa, or an Eliza, or some such respectable female pupil ; and the wine which he brings in an attending hackney-coach is quaffed to his health in *the family parlour* of the old dowager sybil, whose voice, whose manner, and whose expressions, are admirably imitated by the noble peer.

When the morning is far consumed, he retires to his couch ; and you see him the next day, not in a *solo*, although it

is so low a *genus* of conveyance, (a shabby tilbury) with his young Gany-mede, Tiger Minimus, seated by his side, who acts at once as his Mercury and as his cup-bearer, Tiger Minor, whose morals he has completely corrupted, having cut him, and resolved to live more decently for the future. My lord is one of the protectors of the *republic* of women, but is unconnected with all *commonwealth*, being too poor to do much for the frail fair, but *well inclined to do all that he can*.

Amongst his female adventures, the following may be relied on: In the spring of 1816, he brought three sisters to town. Hannah, his favourite, and

two daughters of *mis-fortune*, Jemima and Mary by name. He lodged them in Seymour Place, grew jealous of Hannah for being discovered with a bank note in her bosom given her by Lord Ch——y, on which account he parted with his reigning favourite. The two daughters of misfortune have got married: what a *fortune-ate* thing for their husbands! and Hannah, after being common property in London, has returned to service at Brighton, whence these three graces all come.

From Epsom also his lordship translated a young girl to town, supposed to be the daughter of a butcher (democracy is no disgrace in love, as his lord-

ship thinks.) She was lodged about Leicester Square, whence her brother bore her away ; but our *clumsy Cupid*, fancying her a second Psyche, recovered her, and lodged her beside the old Doctor E—— and *George*, at a house not a hundred miles from Carshalton.

A second female of the same name next occupied his *enlarged* mind and heart. She had more accomplishments ; for she danced, sung, and spoke French ; but the stocks having fallen upon this occasion, only a two pound note could be raised to reward talent so striking : the lady followed him and upbraided him, and “ *ainsi finit l’Histoire,*” as we say in French.

Mrs. B——m was once a great flame of his, and still is honoured with his friendship. To her, in melting mood, he addresses sentimental melodies, and sings with her this favourite duet,

Lord. Will you never from me part,
Nor never from me stray?

—— I will never from thee part,
Never, never from thee stray:

How simple and harmonious! I remember once being on the race-course, and saw the peer and Mrs. B—— at dinner at the Greyhound at Carshalton. I afterwards heard a strange story of her cook being found asleep in her carriage, and of a transfer of the peer's favours!

His present flame is Mrs. W——, the name of a town not far distant from Manchester. Tiger Minimus, acting as winged Mercury, went on an embassy to her house in the Edgeware Road. She was accused of being pretty, in spite of *her teeth*, which were mostly deficient.

* * * * *

With a life so luxurious, so pampered, and dissipated, you cannot wonder that the peer is so bloated and so rotund ; but the great miracle is how, with such a succession of ardent spirits, and of lively flames, he is not quite burned out. Spirits of wine, however, still light up his lamp, whilst many purer spirits

have decayed, and left nothing but an unpleasant vapour as a trace of their existence.

The person who looked so ardently at Miss Susan is

CAPTAIN SELF-LOVE.

Whole hours does this blood pass in mustering his graces, and reviewing his charms in his looking-glass. Then turning to some of his female loose acquaintance, he modestly asks them on oath, "So help them," is he not a good-looking man? His lady-like complexion, and rough white hair, not very dissimilar from a mop, have great merit in his own eyes; and he

thinks they must be equally valuable in those of others.

With the view of preserving his bloom, he is wonderfully abstemious ; but unfortunately he has not the same regard for his circumstances as he has for his looks. On the contrary, his rage for betting has entangled him in innumerable difficulties. A fatality attends his betting : he never wins ; or, perhaps, his friends are particularly fortunate. But it is strange to mark the contrast betwixt self-love and simplicity ; the latter invariably undoing the former ; so that whilst he is the object of his own idolatry, he becomes the dupe and tool of many.

In love matters, no one can be more

completely duped. A certain Susannah (not the chaste) struck him, to use the captain's own language, as having good points. He made her the object of his election; nor did he look too high; for, issuing from an area, not a hundred miles from South Street, Manchester Square, Susannah, blithe and gay, used to trundle mops, and brush off spiders. But none of these menial offices, nor her descending still lower in the discharge of household duties, debarred the captain from singling her out from the swinish drone, and from making her the partner of his retired and confidential hours.

The return made for this preference was her absconding with a bill for five

hundred pounds, with which she left Newmarket; her lover in full chase after her, and awkwardly travelling forty miles out of his road. This occurred after two years of social intercourse.

Equally blind to her failings, he hugs himself with the idea of being a *sans pareil*; and will not believe that she has bestowed her blandishments “on a legion of lovers beside.” Once, in particular, he travelled one hundred and sixty miles to meet her; but his warmth on this occasion was ill requited. She slept (she said) with a sister; she must be retired and circumspect; yet the scandalous *on dits* assert that she was otherwise engaged, to follow, not the drum;—perhaps then the *fife*,

which pleased her in a flat key, as it has amused many others; and that she was detected in her infidelity by the serving man of her slave of a lover; however, a tremendous oath, as to her downright honesty and plain dealing, perfectly satisfied the captain (it had satisfied more than one), and he was as much convinced as ever of her preference and inviolable attachment.

With the exception of these weaknesses, Captain Self-love is what we call an honest dashing blade: nay, some say the very best fellow in the world. He, too, affects the ruffian; and almost equals the accomplished Allgoes and the dashing Ud—y in slang, in flooring of watchmen, and in out-doing

in profligacy of speech the shivering wanderers, who, with an assumption of mirth, a decided taste for ardent spirits, habitual blasphemy, and hardened indelicacy, waste their decaying lives by the midnight lamp, and whither in the nightly damps and the unwholesome vapour of a London fog. These are the merits of Captain Self-love, and are the fashionable qualifications of a first-rate fellow, as we call it at the west end of the town.

The next three whom we observed were Lieutenant Birdling, Mr. Bantler, and Mr. Stopshort, of the cavalry.

LIEUTENANT BIRDLING

Is nick-named by some the Goldfinch, which only applies to his

gold-laced coat, otherwise it would be a mis-nomer, for he is as poor as a rat, and has all his gold outside of his pantaloons pockets, none within. By others he is called the Bullfinch, which suits him better; for he comes from the country of bulls, and he makes some himself; besides having that kind of disposition which that animal, when enraged, demonstrates, when (as we say in Latin) "*Jam cornu petit.*"

He has of late made himself very notorious by getting into the papers for an assault, and for coming under the lash of the law for applying his lash to a limb of the law. The case stands pretty much thus. The

captain, or rather the lieutenant, but as the former is a good travelling name, we more generally use it in courtesy, the captain then (*pro forma*) met with a lady who thought that he seemed like a gentleman, who had 'every thing comfortable about him; and as the bird pleased her, they paired off together. Getting tired either of the attractions, or (as others say) of the tyranny of her mate, she has left him, but whether to chuse another valentine, we presume not to say.

Having been deserted by his fair, the captain grew enraged, followed her to the spot where she was under a mother's

wing, broke the windows, used the most abusive language, and behaved more like a mad bull than a tame bullfinch, or any other domestic bird. When all this would not do, he selected out a certain Mr.—— for the object of his resentment, because he (it appeared) had advised the separation, and had given counsel to that effect to the lady-bird. Him then he threatened to gore, to toss, to embowel, to immolate, by which he was placed in a very awkward predicament; and being in hourly fear of his life, and preferring a whole skin to a lacerated one, and whole bones to broken ones, he lodged an information against the enraged animal; and stating the bodily fear and

mental uneasiness under which he laboured, hinted at the propriety of clipping the wing of the bird of prey, and of confining the animal in a cage, or some other place of security.

This well-drawn petition had the effect of bringing the delinquent before a magistrate ; and he was bound over to keep the peace. But I would ask, what use there could be in binding a man over to keep the peace who could not keep his wife, or, at least, who broke the peace with his wife, and her windows also. This is making light of that great law on which our liberties so much depend, and which makes every Englishmans' house his castle. This law, window,

and peace-breaker, then proceeded to another outrage; for, meeting Mr. W. in the Irish fashion, i. e. by coming behind him and knocking him down, he proceeded to pay off old scores, by scoring them up upon the poor gentleman's back, which is the cause of the action now pending.

It ought to be observed, that Lieutenant Birdling had, previous to Mrs. Birdling's leaving him, raised money by way of annuity on her property; and it is conceived that her fortune being tied up, was one great cause of uneasiness and disappointment to him; and that differences on this subject first produced domestic dissension and strife.

He is thought a good-natured fellow in his regiment, from which, however, he is about to exchange ; but I should differ in opinion. I have seen many quiet oxen ; but then it would not be adviseable to take them by the horn.

MR. BANTLER

Is a son of fortune, to whom however the world has thought fit to attach the title of fortune-hunter. If he be a fortune-hunter, he has not hunted in vain, although his game has escaped from him when taken. His countrymen, indeed, are more famous for bringing down than for bagging their game ;

but, as the proverb says, “lightly come, lightly go.”

His paternal estate is—good looks ; and probably such is his maternal property also. With this estate, either intail or fee simple, we pretend not to say which, Paddy came to town as an officer in an Irish regiment of militia, and contrived through petticoat interest and influence (an interest ever favourable to his country) to get a cornetcy in a very deservedly celebrated regiment of cavalry. Some say that he bought his commission on tick, and that it never was paid for ; but this is disbelieved, for he is considered honourable though poor.

Thus equipped, he set out for Bath, and hung out for a wife. The lady was attracted by the cloth, as a red rag can drive geese at any time, when more solid attraction could not even lead them. Returning from thence, he bought a curricule, lived in St. James's quarter, kept a good house, got in debt, and did every thing that a fashionable man ought to do. Finding, however, to his sorrow, that his rib's property was settled completely on herself, he at last cast her from his side, if not from his heart; and this was got rid of without any particular suffering on his part, and she returned to live with her mother. His first female patron and *chere amie*, much to her credit (doubtless, she

has plenty of it) does not desert him in the hour of need; but, daily visiting him, cheers his hours of retirement, and is to set him up again, if the *fama clamosa* may be believed. The withdrawing of a friendly action, and a short suspension of hostilities, have enlarged him at present; but whether it will be found necessary to return again for final arrangement to the quarter of “bonny *St. George* and the *Dragon*,” as the song says, remains yet to be determined. It would astonish you to learn to what shifts these bucks owe their public appearance in the most polished circles of the town.

LIEUTENANT STOPSHORT.

This triumvir, or this third personage of the tonish triumvirate, alluded to, is in the same gay regiment with Birdling. He is a sightly agreeable young man, but fond of play to excess, and has paid for his taste that way. He is, however, not only a dupe to this passion, but equally so to the tenderer passion. He keeps a very pretty young woman, by whom he is completely enslaved; and whose violence of temper, jealousy of disposition, and ungovernable passions, are such, that his life has frequently been in danger with her. The disturbances which she

gave rise to in the barracks drove him from thence, and the heaviest complaints attend them on her account in every lodging which they occupy. Yet such is his weakness, that he cannot get rid of her, and such her attachment (to give every one their due) that she would sooner undergo poverty, starvation, or misery of every kind, than be parted from her *ami du cœur*.

At one time he made a feint to have lost so much at play that he could not support her. Unappalled with the fear of poverty, she told him that she could not live without him. He, however, went into the country, in order to break off the connexion. She discovered his abode, and as he returned, she walked

nearly sixty miles to meet him, almost *sans le sol*, for she had scarcely enough to pay for food, et cetera, on the road. At another time he left her, and ceased to furnish her with money. On this occasion she used to waylay him coming home from the hells and hotels in the St. James's quarter, and to walk in all weathers until she could meet him. His return, with his inseparable friend P—, of the same regiment, was seldom until three or four in the morning; yet would she wait in the hopes of meeting him; and on one occasion such a riot was created by the parties, in the form of upbraiding, threats, tears, entreaties, oaths, and promises, with all the like artillery of the frail fair, that

the whole three were very near being put into the watch-house, and escaped only by the *silver key*.

Talking of keys, I may observe that the silver key silences a watchman in the first instance; and if strong enough will shut up the mouth of a hackney coachman, as to the adventures of his coach—the where, the how, the when, he went with such and such a one. The golden key may be applied to bailiffs, constables, attornies, and to all law-officers: it blinds the former by shutting out information detrimental to the donor; it prevents the office from being searched; hinders a man from seeing the debtor; puts

off a suit ; brings bail *cum multis aliis* : it opens the door to escapes, and shuts it to enquiries ; it bribes the male and female attendant to let out their master, and to let in the lover ; it opens the mouths of evidence in crim. con. and in other trials : it also discovers a beauty's name, or a fright's fortune.

They got off I say by the silver key, but the lover still wears his chains, and the lady still continues as violent as ever ; and, if I mistake not, young Stop-short will stop short altogether ; for the tavern and the gaming table, the protecting a friend, and extravagance in dress, must thus end. She must have a powerful charm so to attach her paramour, and to induce him to sup-

port a tyranny, for which all his comrades, friends, and acquaintance, either pity or blame him.

GENERAL O'BLARNEYSTONE.

The tall, raw-boned, fierce-looking Irish general, whom Mrs. M'Tavish took notice of, observing "that is a man!" is what we call in French an *officier de fortune*: not that the gentleman has not plenty of pedigree; on the contrary, he has as much as would reach across the Channel, or measure the length of the giant's causeway; and, as you might observe, he is what we call a bottomed animal in horse dealing; for he has as much bone as blood. There is not a peer in the Court Calen-

dar that can measure names with him : he has them from maternal grandfathers, and from paternal great grandfathers, from grand uncles and aunts, and from all his grand relations ; we have—Terence, Roderic, O'Lucius, O'Regan, O'Ryan, O'Rourke, O'Dowde, O'Blunder, O'Blarneystone.

When introduced many years ago to the Lord-Lieutenant, he looked round, and expected to see a whole family ; but in finding all the family concentrated in the (then) captain, the Lord-Lieutenant exclaimed, “ Oh ! mercy, or oh ! murder,” or some such exclamation, crying for quarter in the listening to any more names, to which the general gracefully and solemnly answered,

“Not oh! murder, your excellence, but O‘Blarneystone.”

Montagu Melville, Norman Nevil, Horatio Courtney, and such novel names, suit remarkably well the Georgina Walsinghams, the Henrietta Matilda Harcourts, the Emily Nettervilles, Emma Percys, etcetera, who assume these well-reading appellations; but your Terences, and Lucius’s, your Phelims and Roderics, alarm every lady except dowagers, superannuated maids, ladies of deformed person, or second-hand character.

The (then) captain came to London, like many a *compatriot*, as we say in French, and got into good company. He had exchanged from horse to foot, and from foot to horse again, ringing

changes on many numbers in the line, but he took care never to lose by an exchange, and was considered as a good fellow in each. Boasting, fighting, and performing feats, were his great pride and whim. In Dublin, he cut off a fellow's *queue* of immense length, for a wager, and took his chance of fighting the fellow for thus curtailing his ornaments. In London, he offered to drink three bottles of wine, to ride thirty miles on three horses, and to tell a long love-tale to three different fair ladies, within three hours, for a considerable bet; and for aught we know he won it.

He next went through the campaign under the Duke of York; and in

a paroxysm of madness and gallantry put spurs to his horse, and charged the whole French line. On this occasion he had the mortification to get only a scratch; but, however, he had the glory of wearing his arm in a sling, whilst many observed that he had better have put it into his pocket. Whether he had pocketed the affront or not we forget; but he is the last man upon whose toe a man ought to tread, if he expects to escape with impunity. Returned the first time from the continent, he figured about town, and was ogled by many a widow Flin, "with his long sword, saddle, bridle, etcetera."

A thorough knowledge of horse-flesh, and honourable success at play, helped

a little his good appearance in the metropolis ; for by the first he always gained, and by the second he seldom lost : his honour (we must say, for justice sake) never was impeached ; and although he anxiously informed every one that he was born in Greek Street, Soho, he had nothing further of the Greek about him. The Soho neighbourhood however had no effect upon his tongue ; for in spite of all localities, his honour spoke as rich, pure, and thick Irish as ever flowed from the tongue of a borderer of the Shannon, or of the Liffey.

At length, "The soldier, tired of war's alarms," bestowed his noble name and lengthy person upon a wife, whose

person, measured in proportion to his names, and was not moreover a mere nominal thing. Here again he shewed himself to be a man of true courage; for he did what scarcely any other man would do—he had the bravery to face the ugliest woman in Europe; thereby proving that he was a man of ten thousand. How they live together we do not pretend to say; but the general humourously, or, if you please, good naturedly, calls her Charley, as a *nom de tendresse*, or perhaps because she would have made a less plain man than a woman. This must be allowed to be making the best of a wife.

Since the general has committed matrimony, which he would not have done

unless it were blended with patrimony, he has lived in a handsome style, and has deservedly attained his present high army rank. He makes many unsuccessful attempts to get rid of the brogue, which however sticks to him like a burr. To play the fine gentleman late in life seldom succeeds; but he can play his part at a fight, or a horse-race, as well as any man I know. He is now on the staff of Ireland; and the staff is in no bad hands; but at present he is come over to take a look at London, and to change air.

SIR EDGAR BEAGLE.

The fat elderly gentleman, whom I informed you was so great a favourite

with the —— that many called him the —— jester, and some villainously named him the —— fool, is a sad instance how the smiles of princes and ill-conducted ambition may mislead a man, be his merit, age, and experience what they may. Here, for instance, is the gallant Sir Edgar, who never run before an enemy's whole squadron, and whose opponents dared not to say a word to his disadvantage, — one who had carried fire and sword into the enemy's fleet, unable to stand before the “*Danaos puppes*,” alias the Trojan puppies, of Brighton. It is pitiful to see a naval hero following greatness like a beagle or a terrier, and fawning like a spaniel, who could roar and bristle before the

enemy like a lion. What a shame! to become the fat Falstaff of modern times; to laugh at stale jokes, and to labour at unsuccessful witticisms, with a view of making his —— laugh with him, or even at him; to be set up like a red pimple on a drunkard's nose, for every fly and moth which buzzes about the light of royalty, to teaze, and bite, and play with; to be thus surrounded by ephemeral insects, who bask in the sunshine of favour, and to be pointed out like the rum commodore, or as a quiet fellow, a funny dog, a maker of bulls, or a retailer of funny puns. Oh, fie! oh, fie!

How much more respectable would it be for this venerable son of Neptune to live in seclusion with his old wife,

to smoke his pipe, and tell his merry tale at home, and to thrive and flourish in the honourable remembrance of perils past, of hard earned laurels, of meritorious services in his king's and country's cause. But the admiral must be a sportsman! he loves hunting; aye — hunting; and he must have his game, even if he is made game of. And for these trifling considerations he exposes himself to all the whims and pranks of the ———

At one time his horse, which he deemed as matchless, was painted, and so disguised, that although he rode it, he could not recognize the animal, and called it the veriest rip in England, which produced a broad roar of laugh-

ter at the aquatic hero's expense. At another time an artificial horse was constructed, on which Sir Edgar mounted; but which when mounted fell all to pieces, and let down the admiral in more senses than one.

It would be endless to name the many funny tricks played off upon this very respected commodore, and which are no ways befitting his gallant profession, his grey hairs, or his maturity of years. Whilst beholding himself on the wrong horse, or serving as a hobby, or a stalking horse, it ought never to be forgotten that this ocean warrior was one "whose deck it was their field of fight, &c." If the rattle-brained and shattered courtier for-

got this circumstance, the grey-bearded veteran should at least remember it himself; and it is to be regretted that the illustrious person does not remember the following lines, which no doubt he must have perused in his youth :

The colonel now begged to retire, promising to resume his sketches at an early period.

“ Solve senescentem mature sanus equum

“ Ne peccet at *extremum* ridendus et illia ducat

HORAT.

CHAPTER VIII.

COLONEL BERGAMOTTE had the felicity of parading Susan in his curricule the next day ; and her figure had now become quite well known to the Bond Street loungers, and to the park dandies, to all the colonel's friends, and to every member of the four-horse club. This would have been a trifle ; but her character was now completely lost by the publicity of her appearance with the colonel, and by the exposure which his arts and familiarities occasioned. He was now more demonstrative in his attentions, more warm in his expressions, less guarded and decorous in his behaviour. He had now completed

the second parallel, Susan always mistaking his free and familiar manner for fashion and stylish habit, his attentions for affection, and his intentions for the purest in the world. These diurnal drives in his mail-box and in his cur-ricule had quite grown into habit ; and he had thereby acquired the full confidence of the whole family.

Mrs. M'Tavish had now got an admirer, the counter coxcomb, who had visited her daily. She had taken it into her head that she had grown young again, that dress had fully repaired the ravages of time, and that art had done as much for her as nature had bestowed upon her daughter. Susan now was almost looked upon as a

rival in admiration, and her absence in the morning walks was not regretted.

Mrs. M'Tavish also learned that married women never go out with their husbands in town; and she advised the laird to walk out by himself as other married men of fashion did. This advice was by no means unwelcome to the husband; and he passed his time at the racket-court, and in visiting a chance acquaintance in Crawford Street, who was the cause of another annuity being raised, with the honour and secrecy of the advertising A. B's and X. Y's, who hold out lures to assist in ruining the devoted children of fashion.

Whilst the laird was thus going

astray in one quarter of the town, madame was taking retired walks in the Regent's Park, and in the fields, with her city swain, who had most completely misled her mind, and estranged her from that duty which, until contaminated by the ambition of being in high life, she had so honourably and scrupulously discharged. The surprise and novelty however of having a lover at so advanced a stage of life, and without any extreme personal attractions, were irresistible, and caused the most discreditable reports.

At length disunion was established in her house, a sad prelude of its fall. The laird was estranged by the high complexion, fascinating smile, and prac-

tised attractions of Mrs. B — ; and Mrs. M'Tavish was alienated from the laird by the youth and flattery of her beau, whilst Susan was daily more and more separated from her parents, cooled in duty and attachment to them, and bewildered and dazzled by the extravagance and expensive magnificence of the colonel. Each morning passed in excursions together ; and a public place and late hours concluded the day of pleasure and dissipation. Epsom races now drew all the beauty and fashion of town to their attractions. The *Leg* had business in view ; the belle and beau had merely pleasure ; frail fair ones went there on a trading voyage ; debauchees to meet the frail : the colonel, who had a horse to run, blended busi-

ness with pleasure, and deemed it a fine opportunity for completing the third parallel, could he but so manage that the old folks should stay at home. This he effected by getting the Crawford Street lady to make an appointment with the laird, and by promising Mrs. M'Tavish to take her the ensuing day, a promise which he never meant to perform. All things being arranged, he started with his light mail, having led horses, and a numerous retinue, sent forward to the race-course.

Previous to this gay morning's departure for Epsom, Susan's head had been so filled with the perspective delight, that she had lain awake almost all night: she had never seen a horse-

race in her life. She was informed that all the elegants and elegantes were to be on the course, and that the very cream of London bon-ton were to pour to that centre of fashionable union. She had a particularly stylish habit to sport on the occasion ; and she flattered herself, that near a fortnight's residence at Stevens's, and the frequenting all the public places, had given her a kind of celebrity. She had heard herself often admired by the Bond Street loungers : she had been stared at by the habituated visitors at her hotel : she had heard that she had acquired the nick-name of the highland beauty in the house ; and she triumphed in the degree of notoriety which she had obtained.

Unfortunately, she did not know that

the breath of calumny had blown upon her charms ; that the vain-boasting of a coxcomb had blighted her reputation ; and that the report had spread from ear to ear of her being the colonel's mistress. Whilst thus she kept her vigil, the slights which she had offered to Ogle presented themselves to her mind's eye : he appeared to be her most devoted lover : he was more ; he had always acted like a friend ; then again, the colonel was acknowledged to be (nor did he deny it) a finished rake, and what was very strange, he never mentioned marriage to her, but seemed to play with her affections, to allure her admiration without any ostensible appearance of an intention of fixing his ownheart, or of giving permanence and character to his attachment.

These reflections staggered her ; but treacherous sleep now weighed heavy on her eyelids, and she was glad of the relief. When thought is painful to woman, it produces a kind of unwelcome confusion in her brain ; she sometimes styles it a sick head-ache, nervousness, and want of rest ; she is bewildered, and generally seeks relief by banishing it entirely. Thus did Susan, promising herself at the same time that the day after the race, or at least the day after the next opera, she would think seriously on this matter ; that she would try the colonel's attachment, sound his sentiments, refuse to accompany him in the morning's excursion ; be more circumspect, more guarded, and—she fell asleep. Sleep stole upon her in the midst of her prudent resolutions.

She was awakened by a hair-dresser and a dress-maker, a habit-maker, and a vender of smuggled lace, all announced at the same time. She arose ; she looked heated ; she was not pleased with her first self-examination in the looking-glass. This scrutiny is generally performed by females to a long extent, but with a partial eye. Rose-water, odoriferous oils, the hair-brush, and the adjustment of dress, soon overcame her first doubts, and she foresaw that she was to be admired more than ever on the race-course. “ Perhaps,” said she to herself, “ I may succeed in making the colonel jealous, and then my empire over him will be solidly established.”

The lace-merchant produced a very

long bill: she could not discharge it: pa had become less generous than usual; nay, even less kind; but the fact was, that he had grown more extravagant, his wife had played her part in expense, and he had fallen into the toils of a female seducer, which always produces alienation of domestic sentiment, diminution of parental tenderness, and generally total abandonment of all the duties connected with and dependent on these ties. She knew not what to do; but just as she was framing an excuse for delay, just as falsehood, which could never lodge on Susan's lip or in Susan's eye, had flushed on the surface of her cheek, and rapidly retreated back to her discomposed mind, a small billet was brought in by the

waiter, conceived in the following terms, bearing an inclosure, and evidently in the hand-writing of the colonel.

Dear and lovely Susan,

The silly woman who sells you lace has become importunate I fear. She has blabbed about in the hotel that your father does not pay his bills so exactly as he used to do, and that she is not easy about her demand. Pay her off with the inclosed, and deal no more with her. I have reason to think her an artful and designing woman: have nothing to do with her. Should you want any more than the inclosed, always command my purse. I burn with the expectation of seeing you almost eclipse yourself in beauty this day, and

of being overpowered by the refulgence of your charms. You are, indeed, the sunbeam of my eyes, the bright planet to which I pay my devotions and adorations. I know that you will look like a divinity in your new habit; it will just become that lovely wood-nymph form of thine; although I am convinced at the same time, *entre nous*, fascinating Susan! that you may fairly say with Thompson, that

Beauty needs not the foreign aid of ornament,
But is when unadorned, adorned the most.

Your's most faithfully,

ALBERT.

Was Albert the colonel's name? No, it was an assumed name, as his letter

was a studied artifice. Overcome with gratitude to her lover, with admiration of his warm, careless, and attractive style, with shame for having involved herself, and with a trepidation which she knew not how to account for, she sunk into her chair: the rose forsook her cheek, and a practised coquette would here have had a graceful swoon, or a strong convulsion, in which the heaving of her bosom, and the adjustment of her languishing limbs, the attitude of arms, and the dejection of eye-lid, with a gentle reclining of the head, would all have been performed *secundum artem*.

Not so with Susan. She felt as if she had forgotten herself merely for a

few seconds. She complained to the lace-maker of a pain in her chest, of want of rest merely ; and rallying with a sprightly look, the flush of health enlivened her eye once more ; she paid the importunate dun, and was about to dismiss her, when she begged to say a few words in her defence. She was ashamed to have been so bold in seeking cash ; but really Lady Longtick had almost ruined her, and she fondly hoped to be forgiven by so sweet a young lady, and so good a customer. She then run on in a farago of eulogistic trash ; and concluding by saying that all the men were in love with Miss M'Tavish : she left a letter on the toilet table, and observed that she would call again to-morrow, when she hoped that

she would take the Valenciennes lace dress, as it was fit only for so fine a figure as her's.

SECOND BILLET DOUX.

Honoured and admired Madam,

The most boundless respect, mingled with the tenderest interest, prompt me to submit a few words to the perusal and reflection of the most angelic of her sex. Beware of Colonel B. Trust in a friend whose sentiments are of the purest kind. Your father is dissipating his property: your mother is injuring her reputation: you are not safe at this hotel. If these important hints appear worthy of your attention, let me know, through the lace merchant, at what hour you can see me to-

morrow, and where. In the interim
I remain

Your most zealous devoted slave,

GEORGE OLDHAND.

Susan was indignant at this presumption in a stranger: she would not believe a word against her father, and she had doubts merely respecting her mother. She was equally hurt at the insinuation which pointed at her generous friend Colonel Bergamotte. She should however like to tell her father what had been said. Then again he was so very passionate: it might cause a duel. Her mother ought to be put upon her guard; but she was grown of late so very cross. Had she time, it might be worth while to consider what could be

meant by her not being safe at Stevens's; but she had not time: the colonel's mail was at the door, the servants were looking out at the windows; led horses, curricles, and chaises-in-four, were waiting for the other lodgers; and all was in preparation for a trip to Epsom. She sprung up to the box seat: two favourite dogs were the company inside the mail; two grooms as usual behind.

The colonel looked unusually irresistible: he had taken four hours at his toilet; besides, he was perfumed like a milliner. The ribbands were put into his hand; and off he dashed with his highland prize, amidst the various remarks of the very different inhabitants of the hotel. Pa and ma lolled out of

the window. "She looks like a little queen," said pa, with an air of pride. "By byè, darling," "Don't answer him," said the colonel, whirling his lash to hit one of the leaders. "I don't think that she looks well at all in that habit," said Mrs. M'Tavish. "I say, Sussey, don't break your neck. I hope the colonel won't upset you!" "A d—d fool," muttered the colonel. "I would not for a brace of hundreds have had those fellows who lodge in the hotel hear her stuff."

"What a leg!" cried Mirabel, the Jew dandy. "Which do you mean, the colonel or the lady?" said old Caus-tic, a veteran on the turf. "A beautiful face; but I don't like the colour of

her hair," observed Sir Jerry Jumps, with his quizzing glass fixed into the socket of his eye, and his hands in his loose trowser pockets, counting his notes unperceived, which were prepared for the race. "I wouldn't give a guinea for her," said a beardless guardsman: "she's too saucy and conceited for me." "Sour grapes, my young gentleman," replied his captain. "Apropos: do you know that she is Bergamotte's?" "Hold your tongue, you fool," said Sir Jacky Jehu (adjusting another man's harness and turn out): "don't you see the girl's father and mother at the window?" "My eyes, what a swell!" says the ostler in the street. "She's no great shakes," cried the chamber-maid, from the garret

window: "fine feathers makes fine birds." "Ah, he'll feather her," replied the waiter: "she's with a good hand for ruining her reputation."

Whilst all this was going on at the windows and from without, the laird and his rib had come to high words respecting their daughter within doors. "I tell you she don't become a riding habit at all; but she must be indulged in every thing: she grows more and more spoiled every day," angrily uttered Mrs. M'Tavish. "I suppose, Madam, that you would have looked very well in that habit," said her spouse. "Just as well as she," tartly responded madam. "Oh! so you think, I dare say, and so you do in short petticoats,

though you have as ugly a pair of legs as could be found in the Highlands, and which you expose as if they were for sale." Here Mrs. M'Tavish could not contain her rage: she wept, she swore, she flew at the laird's wig; but the laird seeing the storm gather, seized the oaken twig, and drove her to her apartment: then, seeing the field his own, he smoothed the furrows of his face, adjusted his wig, smiled at his victory, pulled up his trowsers, and thought what a snug *tête-à-tête* he should enjoy with the Pyrrha, to whom he had become a slave.

The waiter now brought in a letter from Bath. The laird did not know the hand-writing. He was anxious to learn

from whom it came; but on looking at his watch, he perceived that he was five minutes behind his time; and his favourite, who kept him in special order, had assured him that if he did not keep to his time she would get another beau. Thus, he dared not waste a precious second of time; but, posting to the first stand of coaches, proceeded with all speed to Crawford Street.

Mrs. M'Tavish peeped out of her bed-room to see if all was safe; and thence proceeded on tip-toe to the drawing-room; there, going to the window, she beheld her faithful partner in the street, making about eight knots an hour, in full sail. "The highland monster!" cried she, in an audible voice.

“How he flusters one with his airs. I wish he may break his neck.” Then continuing the monologue to dear self—
“I declare I look as red as a roast cock: I look as if I’d been doing I don’t know what.” Then returning to her room, dying her lips, putting on another wig, washing with olympian dew, combing her eye-brows, and — drinking a cordial, she returned a second time to the drawing-room, seated herself in order, rung the bell, and said, “Waiter, not at home to any one but that tall gentleman who comes in general about two.” Here she looked in the glass, raised up her eye-brows, and called up a smile. “Very well, Ma’am,” said the saucy waiter, leering at the kitchen-maid, as she passed on

the stairs, and hitting her a slap on her back.

Whilst Mrs. M'Tavish anxiously awaits her beau at the hotel, and the laird of Glenturret makes himself a fool with our modern Pyrrha, the colonel and blooming Susan are approaching Epsom race-course. Thither we shall follow them ; for this was a great and eventful day. They arrive in clouds of dust ; steer their nice course through gigs and curricles, through barouches and barouchettes, through tandems and dennets, through tilburies and dog carts, amidst the confusion of cockney-horsemen, lads of the fancy, and dollies in gigs or in a *shay*, through the rows of ragged spectators, and the lines of light-fingered skirmishers,

amidst the admiration of battered beaux and amateurs, and the envious glances of mounted demireps, infantry cyprians, boys on donkies, and sweep-chimneys in those carts which furnish the last go to a poor quadruped which is the next day to be given to the dogs.

The bustle of a race-course, the food which it produces for caricature, the alternate rows of Greeks and pigeons exhibited on these occasions, are all too well-known for description. It is notorious that as much deceit is practised here as in any other species of gaming: often the horse-race is the least part of the game; and that a deep episode is contrived, in which the morning winner becomes the evening dupe, or in which those who merely went from

vanity, pleasure, or *desœuvrement*, to see perhaps a friend's horse run, or to show a new turn-out upon the ground, or (which constitutes the majority of the company's object) merely to see and be seen, fall into a snare laid by the artful, in the form of a future dinner, or dealing together for a horse or horses, where double dealing is in word and in deed the basis of the transaction.

Notwithstanding all this, Epsom has powerful attractions, from the facility it affords of bringing a strong muster from town on account of its vicinity. To Susan the whole scene was new, and novelty to woman is a powerful charm. She had, moreover, the triumphant satisfaction of being better appointed than almost any dashing belle on the ground.

The colonel's carriages, horses, attendants, and self, though last, not least in her dear love, were of the very first order of perfection. More eyes were upon Susan than upon either the horses or the brilliant vehicles which paraded about. Every buck saw a new face; some admired, some pitied; all gazed at her. Comparisons and conjectures were many, but she was ignorant of their tendency, and of the stain which they fixed upon her.

The first heat was going to begin. Her heart was in the race. She was as staunch a partisan in the success of the colonel's horse as an ally or a subsidizer could be in a battle, or in the event of a campaign. At starting, however, the colonel, with an air of exquisite apathy

and bon-ton, which never allows the heart to be engaged in any thing, informed her that his horse was not to win; that he did not wish it; that it was settled otherwise. He smiled at her ignorance, and the disappointment which succeeded a blushing, broad-eyed, heart-felt anxiety of interest, and observed, "My dear Susan, running is the least part of a race : I have much more business than that to attend to." This was really marvellous to poor honest Susan ; it diminished her interest in the sport, let down her highly wound-up expectations, and damped her spirits ; but this was not the worst, as we shall learn hereafter. Suffice it for the present to observe, that the colonel's horse lost ; that he won, and that the race went off extremely well, there being a great

show of company, and three seemingly well-contested heats.

We now return for a time to Stevens's hotel. Mrs. M'Tavish had met with a severe disappointment, as hereafter will appear. The laird got into a dreadful scrape, being obliged to bail his new female acquaintance, whom he found like a modern Niobe, drowned in easy-flowing tears, seated betwixt a brace of bailiffs, who rudely intruded on her privacy, and spoiled the intended charming *tête-à-tête*. The laird's hand being put to the bail-bond, had a wonderful effect as a refrigerent to his passion, and he returned tamely home; after, however, professing many kind things to Mrs. B. which he regretted as sincerely when passing the threshold of her door.

On his road home many painful reflections crowded on his mind. He had seen London ; yes, and fashionable life : he had learned many things, but he had paid dearly for them. He was far from home : he had involved his property considerably, and he had many things at heart. Susan was, in fact, the main object of his affections, for all the rest was uncertain and unsatisfactory. He wished to see her well married. He now recollected the unopened letter : he broke the seal : it was from Captain Ogle, containing the real sentiments of a friend, and the most salutary advice. He informed him that Colonel B. had boasted every where of favours unobtained ; and that if Mr. M'Tavish did not leave London, and break the connexion, ruin must ensue.

Here all the father crowded on his heart : he bit his lips, and resolved to immolate to his just resentment the foul author of so base a scheme, in which vestal innocence and maiden pride were to be sacrificed at the polluted shrine of vicious vanity. How bitter was the reflection, that, at this very moment, the lovely victim was gracing the car of her base traducer !

Mr. M'Tavish arrived at home more dead than alive, overpowered with rage and with paternal tenderness. Where was Mrs. M'Tavish ? In her own room. Call her : she could not be spoken with : she had a sick head-ache : she had lain down : she would not open the door. At length highland muscle forced it ; and she received him with all

the upbraidings of unkindness and ill-temper. She had secret cause of complaining unperceived by him. At length she condescended to join him in the drawing-room, and afterwards at dinner. They differed upon every subject. Poor man! he had no need of this aggravation of his sufferings. The fowls were over-roasted; the fish was not done to her mind: Mr. M'Tavish drank too much: he was just ruining the family: she begun to dislike Colonel Bergamotte: had changed her opinion upon almost every subject: Rorie was become a complete brute; he never now came near them: perhaps he had the impudence to look up to Susan; or now that he found they had borrowed money, he thought less of them, or he had served his own turn, and made all that

he could of them; with many other remarks as little comforting to her husband as advantageous to the cousin.

The laird's bottle was now finished: it grew dark: he took out his watch a dozen times. Where was Susan? Expresses were sent to Epsom: M'Roy was fetched to give advice: every effort was made to discover what had become of her, but in vain: neither the colonel nor Susan, nor even the horses and carriages, returned that night to the hotel. All was conjecture, doubt, dread, and dismay. The day dawned, but no Susan appeared.

END OF VOL. I.





W. H.

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